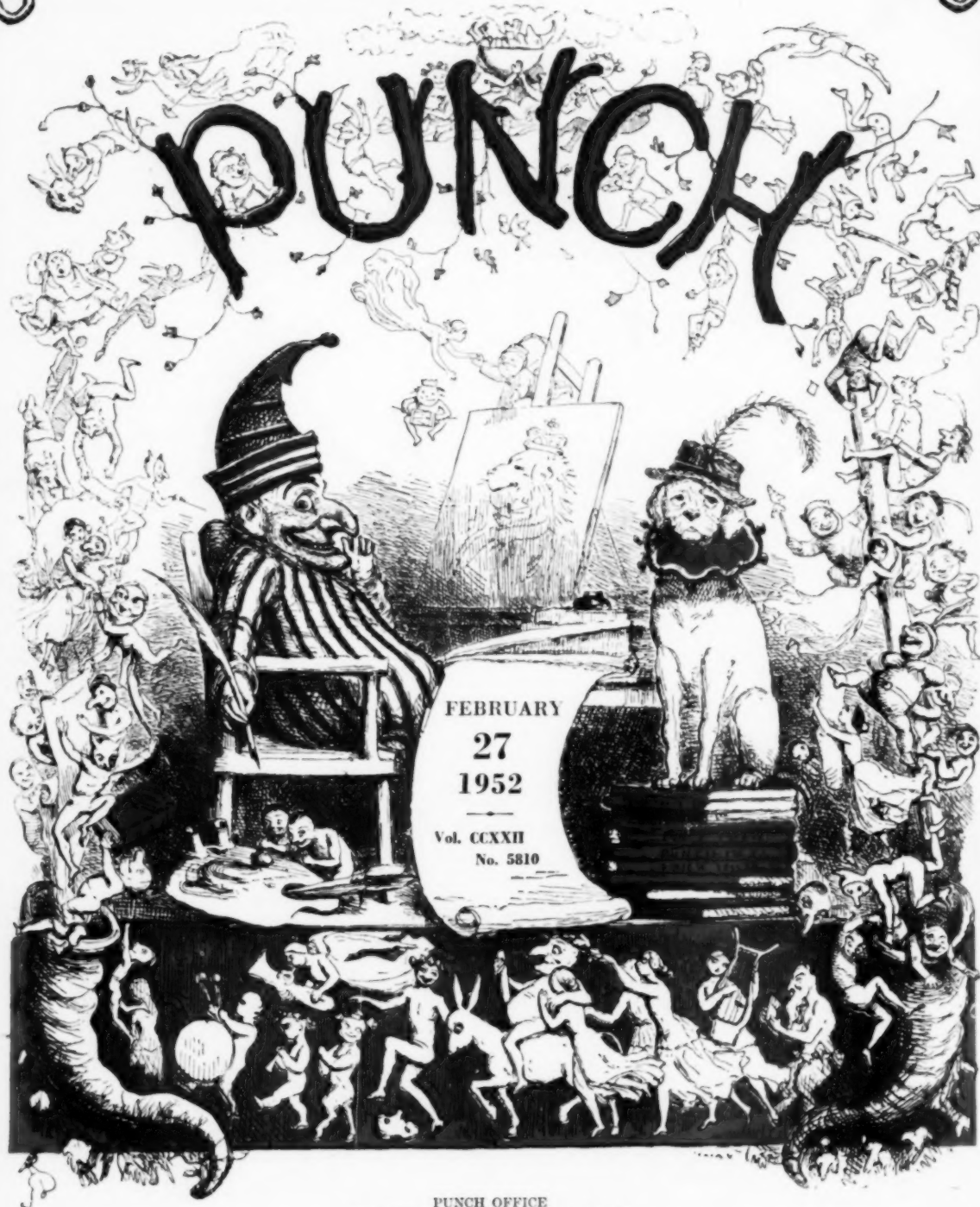


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIER—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27 1952

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Strong...

Pressure proofed by patented process and tested at every stage. Only proven leads go into Venus Drawing Pencils

SMOOTH...

A patented colloidal process removes all grit and impurities—they must be smooth

ACCURATE...

Accurate through and through—graded and tested by experts. Venus Drawing Pencils make the right mark every time

THE PENCIL WITH
THE CRACKLE FINISH

VENUS

Perfect PENCILS

THE VENUS PENCIL CO. LIMITED, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON E5

Britain's finest crispbread comes from Britain's finest wheat



Sun-soaked wheat harvested from Britain's fields gives MACVITA its delicious flavour and its health-giving nutriment. Eat it alone or with butter, cheese or preserves and enjoy its appetising crispness at every meal.



MACVITA

Made only by MacVita & Price Ltd.

By Appointment
Bread Manufacturers
to H.M. The King
MacVita & Price Ltd.

Edinburgh · London · Manchester

MANSION
HYGIENIC WAX
POLISH
FOR BRIGHT AND
HEALTHY HOMES

A
bright and
healthy home
in every tin

Tins 10d., 1/6
and 3/9

The highest standard of home hygiene is assured by the use of 'Mansion,' the fine Wax Polish which gives such a quick brilliance and thoroughly cleans the surfaces of floors, furniture and linoleum.

For dark floors use 'DARK MANSION'

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD LONDON W4

Seagers Gin



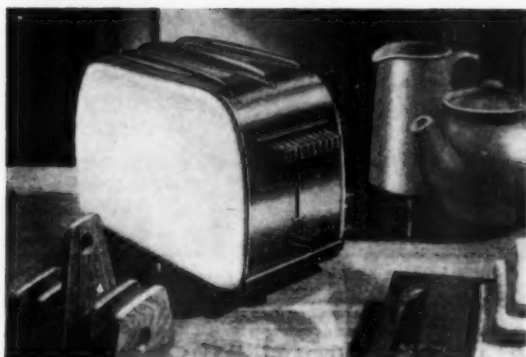
Everyone's eager for
SEAGERS

"SANATOGEN" TONIC WINE

*Puts you
on top of
the World*



"SANATOGEN" Tonic Wine is an admirable restorative for it combines the "pick-me-up" qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of "SANATOGEN" Nerve Tonic. The word "SANATOGEN" is a registered Trade Mark. **8/- PER BOTT. 4/6 HALF BOTT**



When you demand perfection

Built with the care of a fine watch, this beautiful automatic toaster makes toast for the discriminating. A symphony in chrome and plastic, it is fitted with an exclu-

sive clock movement that ensures toast to your personal taste. This economic toaster will give years of service, using only 25% of the power of your grill.

Robot FALKS Toaster
PRICE £6.6.0

Obtainable from usual electrical suppliers. For name of nearest stockist write to the makers, FALKS, U Dept., 91 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1. West End Showrooms: 20 Mount Street, Park Lane, London, W.1. S.F.T.C.

"You are missing one of the best things in life until you sleep on Dunlopillo"



Why you must have a Dunlopillo mattress. Dunlopillo comfort is different. It has revolutionised all ideas of healthful sleep and luxurious rest. You sleep deeper, wake fresher. It's essential to modern life.



Why a Dunlopillo mattress stays completely comfortable always. It's made from unique latex foam which never loses its original shape or comfort. It is cheapest in the end. The ideal mattress for baby too!



Why a Dunlopillo mattress is naturally self-ventilating and never needs airing. The latex foam contains millions of tiny, inter-connected cells through which air circulates with every movement of your body.



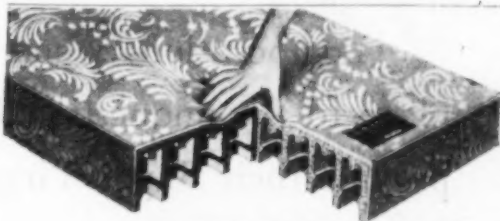
Why a Dunlopillo mattress never needs remaking. The latex foam is moulded in one piece, it never develops lumps or hollows, never sags or 'bunches up'. There is nothing to come loose, creak or rust.



Why a Dunlopillo mattress saves housework. It never has to be turned, shaken or 'plumped up' and always has a neat, smooth surface. It cannot cause dust, is light in weight and so easy to handle!



Why a Dunlopillo mattress is outstandingly hygienic. Latex foam is self-ventilating, dustless and germ and vermin-resisting. Thousands of Dunlopillo mattresses are used in hospitals throughout the world.



DUNLOPILLO

THE MOST COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC AND ECONOMICAL

Mattress

IN THE WORLD

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIVISION), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9 LONDON: 17 KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.3 **FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY** 2D 07A



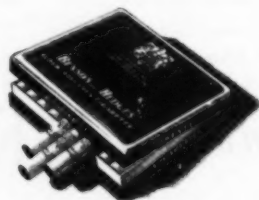
"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, sir?"

For occasions when the merely good must yield place to the unquestionable best **BENSON and HEDGES** provide their Super Virginia Cigarettes



BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD · OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1

© B.M.S.

British Biscuits at their Best



*Made from the finest Home Grown
Wheatmeal*

Macfarlane Lang

ESTABLISHED 1817

Drink
**Rayner's
Lembar**

*all the year
hot or cold*

Lemons

Glucose

Scotch Barley

Sugar



MADE BY RAYNER AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18



BY APPOINTMENT TABLE SALT MANUFACTURERS



The Salt of Hospitality

in castle or cottage

Cerebos

The finest Salt

in every home



If there's one way of scuttling his objections when he argues against 'helping out', it's to hand him an Old Bleach, pure linen Kitchen Cloth. It has such a breezy, fresh appearance. Made of pure Irish linen, it's so absorbent. Has dishes dry-docked and ready to stow away in no time at all. Why not cheer up your family life with several of these gaily-striped cloths.

ALL DRY WITH

OLD BLEACH KITCHEN CLOTHS

Old Bleach Linen Co Ltd, Randalstown, Northern Ireland



No gift is more welcome than the superbly comfortable ARIEL Pillow Pair. The luxuriously soft down-filled Top Pillow rests on its specially made base of resilient selected feathers. Both are SECTIONED to prevent too much movement of the filling and give just the right "head-height" for deep satisfying sleep. There are three grades to choose from. Write NOW for illustrated leaflet and address of your nearest stockist.

F. FOGARTY & COMPANY LTD., BOSTON

Makers also of the luxury ARIEL sectioned Mattress and Base.

A hint about the "smallest room"



So easy to use! Just sprinkle Harpic into the bowl. Its powerful action begins to clean and disinfect right away.



Then leave overnight so that germ-killing Harpic can get to work. First thing next morning—flush the bowl.



What? Every night? Yes—many women now use Harpic daily. After all, they argue—the lavatory is used every day!



**SPECIALLY
MADE
FOR THE
LAVATORY**

NOW! Perfumed and non-perfumed. Two kinds of Harpic are now on sale—the non-perfumed kind and one with an added fresh fragrance.

Reckitt & Colman Ltd., Mfg.

"So Cosy!"

It's snug and warm on the bitterest day, but ideally light for between seasons wear, too. This latest 'MOTOLUXE' Coat, tailored in rich fur fabric, can be worn with pride on the smartest occasions. Write for the name of your nearest Agent.



'MOTOLUXE' MOTOR RUGS AND FOOT MUFFS now obtainable in the home market.

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen Street Works, 54 Regent Street, London, N.W.1. 1848—Established over 100 years—1952

Now your skin is 'HEALTHY-CLEAN'!



To enjoy the delightful sensation of well-being that only a "Healthy-clean" skin can give... use CIDAL, the pleasantly perfumed Germicidal Soap. CIDAL not only cleans, but leaves a bacteria-resistant film on the skin which guards against infection and prevents body-odours. CIDAL is invaluable in keeping the complexion clear and healthy.



11½d per tablet. Obtainable from Boots the Chemists and all Branches of Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd.

Send stamped addressed envelope (2) for free sample and descriptive leaflet to:

**J. BIBBY & SONS LTD.,
LIVERPOOL 3.**

MARCONI

serves mankind



Marconi came into a world in which communications were adolescent. When he left it, the marvels of radio were a commonplace. His name had achieved immortality; his work was established in the service of mankind. It is therefore no coincidence that the Company which he founded should supply communication and navigation equipment for aircraft like the Canberra and Comet, which are the most advanced of their class in the world.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY LTD · MARCONI HOUSE · CHELMSFORD · ESSEX

Never a dull moment for Sir Cumference

Sir Cumference never went rusty at the joints; his breastplate and visor were always immaculate, for John, his trusty retainer, would fry a middling oil in an iron pan and when brown and thoroughly fryd press the oil thereof out, and put it in a phial to settle and become clear in the sun. Iron and steel work anointed with this oil will never rust although it lay in a damp place.

Sharpsite

From a 17th century collection of "valuable secrets" for makers in steel.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD

Glayva

SCOTCH LIQUEUR



A sight to gladden the heart of man!

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

The
household name of
a service to
industry

TO most people, the name Brown & Polson suggests cornflour, as directly as starch suggests ironing. Here are some facts that may surprise them:

The major work of the Brown & Polson Group is the manufacture of starch (and its derivatives and by-products) for industrial use. In 1951 the Group in Britain made and sold some 200,000 tons of starch products. The number of different starch products that made up the 200,000 tons was 400. At the time of writing, some 80 industries use starch products, and the list is still growing. Among the industries that use them are iron founding, oilwell drilling, and pottery making, and many others that seem just as unlikely to do so.

A Consultative Service

A series of advertisements following this one will review some of the industrial problems that Brown & Polson starch products have helped to solve. It is hoped that the series will suggest, to readers engaged in the management of industry, possibilities for using starch products in new ways, to solve problems that are troubling them. Enquiries into possibilities of that kind will be welcomed, and responsible experts will answer them.

This consultative service is a normal part of the process of marketing Brown & Polson starch products. Enquiries should be addressed to

CORN PRODUCTS COMPANY LIMITED

The Industrial Division of

Brown & Polson

BROWN & POLSON LTD., WELLINGTON HOUSE, 125-130 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2



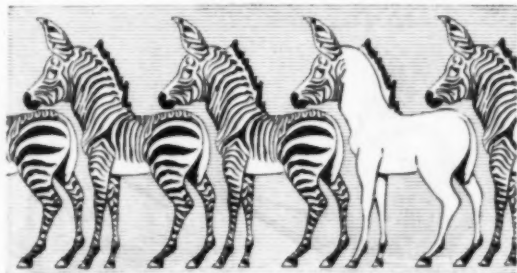
SPRINGTIME IN ITALY

..... The marvellous re-awakening of nature in her cities, glittering gems in the history of art.



REDUCTIONS FOR TOURISTS ON THE COST OF RAILWAY TRAVEL AND PETROL. "TRAVEL AT WILL" RAILWAY TICKETS—PETROL COUPONS.

INFORMATION from: Italian State Tourist Office (E.N.I.T.), Regent Street 201 - London W.1 and all Travel Agencies.



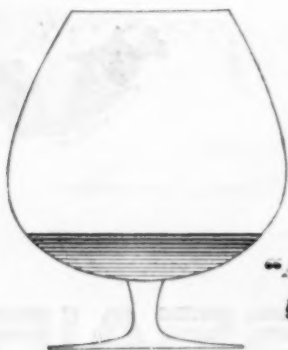
... but EVERY copy's perfect

on the *Banda*

'MASTER' DUPLICATOR



BLOCK & ANDERSON LTD., 58-60 KENSINGTON CHURCH STREET, LONDON, W.8 WESTERN 2531



**"And with
your coffee,
sir...?"**

To the expert diner the answer is as clear as a well-polished glass. When a good meal ends, the special duties of Grand Marnier begin. In close alliance with a cup of black coffee, this famous liqueur induces an altogether old-fashioned sense of luxury and well-being. Made exclusively with Cognac brandy, matured for years in cellars hewn from the age-old rocks of the Charente, Grand Marnier is a tradition in itself. Uphold it—in your favourite glass.

Grand Marnier

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR



SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS

Cope's "WHY THEY WON" Series

*Famous
Chasers*



No. 3 LAND FORT
(Bay, 1944) Landscape Hill
—Fort Defiance. Land Fort began his jumping career in Ireland at the age of five. In his 16 races in England he has won eight times at distances of 2½-3½ miles, coming second in the 3½-mile Welsh Grand National. A victim of the first fence mix-up in the '51 Grand National, he won at Cheltenham three weeks later. Total winnings exceed £3,900. A full brother to Cromwell, he has proved himself a safe and fluent chaser, showing steady improvement in speed and stamina. At Cheltenham he became the first horse to cover 3 miles on this course in under six minutes.

This season's records not included.

Judged on past performance, the most dependable investment for this and every season is an account with Cope's. Behind every transaction there is a tradition of 87 years personal service to sportsmen, based on integrity and fair dealing. Write today for free brochure.

DAVID COPE LTD.
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON EC4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

You can depend on
COPE'S



Drawn by A. B. THOMSON, R.A.

Such stuff as paper is made of

It is the right "stuff", in humans and in material, that determines the quality of paper. Take Frank Johnson*, the beaterman, for example. Superintending the beater floor (where the giant breakers churn wood-pulp, and other necessary materials into a watery mixture technically known as the "stuff"), Johnson it is who interprets the laboratory reports and decides on the blend of pulps which will give him the right "stuff" for a particular quality of paper. It is his skill and experience that must then gauge precisely the degree and duration of the preparation treatment on which depends the uniformity of the fibrous mixture delivered to the paper-machines.

Johnson came to Bowaters Thames Mill twenty-four years ago, as a young man. Apart from war service ("finished as a sergeant in the gunners") he's been there ever since. When you watch him as he keenly scrutinises the mixture and runs it through his fingers before giving the signal for it to go on its way to the paper-making machines, there's no need to ask how he got his present job or whether he likes it. Both he and the mixture are the "stuff" good quality paper is made of . . . whether it be for the many hundreds of newspapers, books and magazines that are printed on Bowaters paper in all parts of the world, or for the packaging of almost everything from soap to cement.



The whole wealth of Bowaters' craftsmanship, experience and research in the art of making paper—the "know-how" in short—is freely at your service.

THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

GREAT BRITAIN • CANADA • AUSTRALIA • SOUTH AFRICA • U.S.A. • HONG KONG • SINGAPORE

*Futuristic name for a real character.

Quite ordinary people fly Swissair

And quite extraordinary ones too. Flashing film stars. And insignificant men who turn out to be Cresta run winners. Magnates who could buy the Matterhorn. And typists who can climb it. But whoever they are, they share two feelings. A great fondness for Swiss cooking. And a firm belief that the cautious, efficient, precise Swiss will get them to Switzerland in great comfort.



Fly SWISSAIR

★ Special reduced winter fares, valid for 23 days.

London - Geneva - - - - - £25.0.0. Return

London - Zurich - - - - - £26.0.0. Return

London - Basle - - - - - £25.0.0. Return

Ask your travel agent for details of these and other services.

you'll enjoy it

REGULAR FLIGHTS TO ZURICH, GENEVA AND BASLE WITH CONNECTIONS TO MOST EUROPEAN CITIES AND THE NEAR EAST
SWISSAIR, 126, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 AND MANCHESTER GLASGOW

CAC 88

MALTA

Close to days in the Mediterranean sun.

STAY AT

HOTEL PHOENICIA

15 days, including air travel, from 82 guineas. Overland travel also arranged. Apply Malta Travel Bureau, 24, Golden Square, London, W.1.

Phone: GE Road 6477.

High-class shops
RECOMMEND A SELL.

polibri
"MONOPOL" LIGHTERS

FOR SMOOTHER ACTION

2½ PERCENT

PAID UP SHARES

TAX FREE TO INVESTOR
Easy Withdrawals
No Depreciation of Capital
Further particulars from the Secretary,
A. J. GREEN, F.C.S., F.I.A.C.
Established Since the Year 1859
TOTAL ASSETS £2,000,000

MAIDENHEAD BUILDING SOCIETY
TUDOR HOUSE,
58, KING STREET, MAIDENHEAD
Telephone: Maidenhead 3571-2

En l'année bissextile

IN LEAP YEAR
c'est la jeune fille qui fait
IT IS THE YOUNG LADY WHO MAKES

la demande en mariage.
THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.



C'est le jeune homme
IT IS THE YOUNG MAN

qui boit beaucoup de
WHO DRINKS MUCH

Dubonnet pour se donner
DUBONNET THEREBY GAINING

le courage d'agréer.
THE COURAGE TO ACCEPT.

(Vive l'amour! Vive Dubonnet!)

LONG LIVE LOVE! LONG LIVE DUBONNET!

We are not sure how many idylls-per-year Dubonnet can claim to its credit. But we do know that Dubonnet can loosen the bashful tongue and gladden the melancholy heart. Try a glass or two of Dubonnet and you'll agree it's one of the great social benefits of our time. Have a Dubonnet party and you'll feel the millennium is not far off.

DUBONNET does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



REST AND
LEISURE



ALL THE
YEAR ROUND

CHELTENHAM SPA

"The Season" lasts the year round at Cotswold-sheltered Cheltenham Spa. Fine music, entertainments, healthful rest, unrivalled Cotswold air—and glorious country on every side! 1st-Class Hotels and Shops. For rail services apply Stations, Offices or Agents.

FOR GUIDE SEND 5 STAMPS TO DEPT. 20 TOWN HALL

Suchard
THE ORIGINAL SWISS
PROCESS CHOCOLATE
Famous since 1838
SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD., LONDON, E.C.18

Illustration of a mountain landscape with a person holding a large bar of Suchard chocolate.

6 SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY THINGS



You go to work

to earn the money to buy the food to give you the strength to go to work to earn the money . . . and so on and so on. Some people would call that a *Cycle of Energy*.

There's another Cycle of Energy in the various forms of transport that take people to work. Think of it this way. Coal is set on fire to raise the steam to drive the turbines that make the electricity that works the motors that make the train go—all *energy* in one form or another. The energy of heat, the energy of movement, the energy of electricity . . .

But where do A.E.I. come in? They come in everywhere.

A.E.I. make mining equipment and turbo-generators; the transformers and cables that carry the current; the electric locomotives that use it up . . .

AEI Associated Electrical Industries


You have met the family:— The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd. The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd. International Refrigerator Co. Ltd. Sunvic Controls Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd. Newton Victor Ltd. Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.

Every perfect flower that blooms is named. And every perfect writing paper has its watermark. Look always for this proud sign of quality, and add distinction to your correspondence...

SPICERS
individual
writing papers

On sale at your local stationer

Masters of fine papers since 1645



Will it last longer in

TUFNOL?



Just two examples: a Tufnol shuttle-brake on a weaving loom, hardly worn after 105 million picks in 3 years' service. Tufnol electrical insulators easily withstanding the train lurches that smashed the more conventional types. Engineers seeking a lightweight non-metallic material possessing chemical-resisting, electrical-insulating, and mechanical qualities, should get to know more about Tufnol. Tufnol is the material of enterprise...

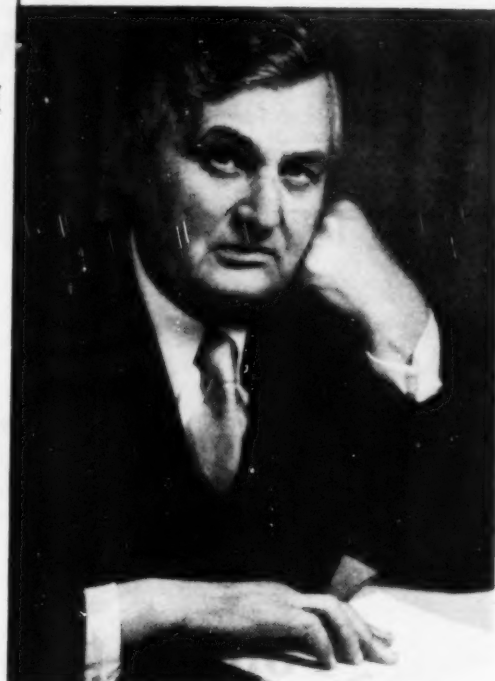


ANY QUESTIONS? Many are answered in the various Tufnol publications. If you think you have a NEW use for Tufnol our Technical Staff will co-operate with enthusiasm and report objectively. Why not write TODAY?

TUFNOL
a ELLISON Product

TUFNOL LTD • PERRY BARR • BIRMINGHAM • 22B 234P

DOLLAR EARNERS WHO FLY TCA



MR. R. C. LINTON CRONBACH, Export Director for Joseph Cheaney & Sons Ltd., the footwear manufacturers, has travelled 166,000 miles across Canada and the U.S. — and thanks TCA for having made every mile of his complex route easy and enjoyable. What has always impressed him is the personal touch in the TCA service, the friendly advice and expert help the staff are so ready to give at every stage. Mr. Cronbach leaves London confident that he will be able to keep his appointments "on time" in Canada and the U.S.A. He arrives fresh and ready for work, thanks to the relaxed comfort and the excellent hot meals on board TCA's pressurised "North Star" skyliners, which leave daily from London via Prestwick or Shannon.



TRANS-CANADA Air Lines
CANADA ONLY A DAY BY TCA

Full information and reservations from your TRAVEL AGENT or from 27 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Tel: Whitehall 0851 (Passengers and Air Cargo). Scottish Address: Prestwick Airport, Ayrshire, Scotland. Tel: Glasgow Central 3428 or Prestwick 7272. Extensions 268/269.

If seven men



... sailed seven ships

From China to Peru,

Could any drink they found be like

The one that's Good for You?

There's one thing like a Guinness, yes—

But that's a Guinness too.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

In at least one respect this busy English street scene is typical of many others thousands of miles away. Go to Sydney or Sao Paulo, Montreal or Montevideo, Colombo or Kyoto—you will find trolleybuses as popular as they are in Great Britain. You will also find that they are either completely built or equipped by 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'.



bringing you

Every day, all over the world, people travel to and from their homes by 'English Electric' trams, trains and trolleybuses. Housewives, office workers, factory workers, school-children—all enjoy the benefits of cleaner, quieter, more comfortable travel. Both inside and outside the home 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' puts the power of electricity at the service of millions.



better



living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS



TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI



"Look who's here!"

SANDEMAN

PORT & SHERRY

"You'll like it"



**WHEREVER
YOU
SEE THIS
SYMBOL**

*You can say it
with Flowers-by-Wire
near or far . . .
at home or abroad . . . via :—*

INTERFLORA

THE INTERNATIONAL
Flowers-by-Wire Service

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. P.) 358/362 Kensington High Street, W.14



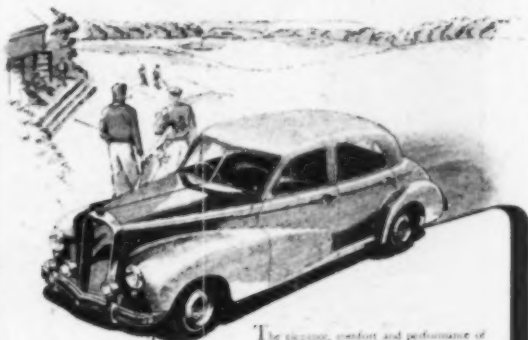
WHEN A CAR RADIO

carries this world-famous trade mark
it means that it has been made by
the makers of "His Master's Voice" radio,
The Gramophone Co. Ltd.,
and Smiths Motor Accessories Ltd.,
the most famous firms
in the fields of radio and
motor accessories respectively,
have pooled their skill and resources
to give motorists the benefit of every
recent development in mobile radio
through . . .

SMITHS RADIOMOBILE

BRITAIN'S AUTOMOBILE RADIO SPECIALISTS

S. SMITH & SONS (RADIOMOBILE) LTD., 179-181 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1



The elegance, comfort and performance of Wolseley cars are a trilogy in perfect harmony achieved within the best tradition of English fine-car production. No car today offers better value-for-money than the "Six Eighty" and "Four Fifty" or synchronism so completely with the needs and outlook of the man of conservative tastes and background.

*Gracefully Modern—
Distinctly*



WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.
Overseas Business: *Ngild Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.*
London Showrooms: *Enfield Watson Ltd., 14 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.*

*There's always
time for*

NESCAFÉ

Perfect secretaries make perfect coffee without wasting time! They use Nescafé. With a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup and near-boiling water, *you* too can have coffee with roaster-fresh fragrance and carefully blended flavour the minute you want it—all the enjoyment of really good coffee *every* time, and it's made by Nestlé's.



Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

67NA

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS



CHARIVARIA

Daily Telegraph correspondents have been complaining of the cost of golf. They might ease matters by applying for the Government's subsidy for ploughing grassland.

2

The Perennial Sandwich

"Snack Bar. Complete contents for sale, under year old."

Advt. in evening paper



A New York court decided that a man's record as a house-breaker was no bar to his being a tenant in a new apartment block. He had tactfully refrained from pointing out the advantage of living near his work.

"Advertising our Sale, we forgot to mention that we are offering Four Very Attractive Reproduction Oak Bedroom Suites for £69 15s. each. To-day's price is £84 12s!"

Advt. in Yorkshire Evening Press

It's too late to apologize now.

2

The first all-British atom-bomb is to be tested in Australia this year. Production models will of course be reserved for export.



A la Lanterne!

"They did not recommend any improvement to the existing sewers. The affluent should be carried to a sewage purification works."

North Devon Journal-Herald

The "Totometer," a machine that can count fifteen thousand £1 notes an hour, has been demonstrated at the head office of one of the big banks. To cope with the possibility of increased inflation, production models should be fitted with an overdrive.

2

One in every hundred recruits to the United States Army joins under a false name. Perhaps they are worried about the possibility of General Bradley's writing another book.

2

"POLICE MARSHAL
SPURS CROWD"

Evening News

What's this—Fascism?

2

Italian workers at a factory in the Midlands recently went on strike because their bosses swore at them. Considering the comparatively short time they have been in this country they have got the hang of the idea very well.

DOUGLAS





"Twenty-five years' married life and never a quarrel! I always said you were spineless."

GAY TIME COMING FOR LAWYERS

AT this time in a Leap Year, when women traditionally make offers to men, it is interesting to read a proposal of an unusual kind put forward by the Married Women's Association to the Royal Commission which is inquiring into the law concerning marriage and divorce. The Association, after some recommendations on financial arrangements as between husband and wife, add that "the reciprocal responsibilities of a wife to a husband"—a phrase almost melodious enough to be included in the marriage service (*Do you, Joan, assume reciprocal responsibilities towards this man, Edward? — I do, subject to the provisions of the Married Women's Finance and Personal Allowance (Security of Tenure of Cigarette Money) Act, 1952, Section 27, Sub-section 94E*)—"the reciprocal responsibilities of a wife to a husband should be adequately enforced. Wilfully inefficient housekeeping should become punishable by law."

Good. This ought to stir things up.

"Mrs. Andromache Tutt, of 17 Ipswich Villas, Loce, charged with blackening her husband's toast on both sides while wilfully watching television, was sent to an approved cookery school for three months by Mr. Justice Thring yesterday. She had asked for eighty-eight similar offences to be taken into consideration."

The crux of the matter is that word "wilfully." Inefficient housewives all over the country are asking who is going to draw the thin line between wilfulness and sheer bad luck. "Take sausages," declared Mrs. W. (name and address supplied), angrily putting a second spoonful of bicarbonate into the gravy. "What with sprouts what they are and a bit of fish to get and all that waiting about at Anderson's—not that they had any Sevilles, mind, at the end of it—who's to be blamed when sausages for the week-end slip clean out of their minds. 'You try it for a bit, my lord,' I said to him. 'Just you slip off to the grocer's,' I said, 'with your bacon coupons gone out of date while your back was turned and the shopping list left on the

kitchen table as might happen to anyone,' I said, 'when an accident with the flour-bin's put you behind.' Them and their wilful," concluded Mrs. W., economically scraping some boiled-over rice off the gas stove and putting it back, by sheer bad luck, into the coffee saucepan.

Husbands, as always, take a reasoned view. In Acacia Terrace the general feeling seems to be that women have brought it on themselves. But there will be no malicious prosecutions. "If the Law affords me a remedy," said Mr. Durley, self-consciously fastening his jacket with a safety-pin, "well and good. Only it's up to the Law to decide, see. Now look," he went on. "Suppose the wife puts a kipper in front of me, same as I had this morning. All right. Out I nips and calls a copper. Will do, that is, soon as they bring this new thing in. 'Take a look at that,' I'll tell him. 'Go on, have a bite.' See the idea? Leave it to him. 'Never ought to of been bought, let alone cooked,' I might tell him. Something of that. But whether it was bought wilful or not—no. 'That's up to you, officer,' I'll say. 'There's the kipper, here's me with a complaint, the wife's upstairs banging about—now you get on with it,' I'll tell him. That's the way I look at it, anyhow," added Mr. Durley, who was recommended for a George Medal during the war.

Mr. Charles Drench, interviewed at the same time, concurred. "Fair enough," he said, running a finger along the mantelpiece and absent-mindedly wiping it on his handkerchief.

BOTTOM SHEET NOT PROPERLY TUCKED-IN ALLEGATION

This case, in which a woman is charged with "throwing the bed-clothes together" with intent to injure, grieve or annoy her husband, has been brought by agreement before the High Court as a test case. After the jury had inspected the bed in the forecourt...

But we are going ahead too fast. These things are still in the future. The whole question of reciprocal responsibility is contingent upon a satisfactory solution of the far more difficult question of how much money a husband should hand over to his wife; and that again is contingent upon the most crucial question of all—how much money a husband is going to have to hand over to his Butler.

H. F. ELLIS

THE "Z" CLASS DRIVERS CLUB

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

CHANGE OF NAME

The "Z" Class Drivers Club will in future be known as the "Zebra Class Drivers Club," or

THE ZEBRA CLUB

(for short)

Full instructions on how to become a member will be given ON THIS PAGE next week.

RINGING THE CHANGES

THE eight-fifteen bus is very important for six of us in Elham Green Road. We all have season tickets for the eight-forty-seven train, and that bus gets us there with five spare minutes. At least it does that normally, but the day before yesterday the unforgivable happened. We missed the train.

I'm happy to say it was entirely the conductor's fault. We all made that very clear to the inspector. There was a look of vindication in our eyes as we caught the nine-five. Because at last we had scored. For three years we have had the same conductor every morning. Generally the man who gives you a ticket is nice enough. A nod, a smile, a "Thank you," and that's that; but not on our bus. Hitler once said Germany wasn't large enough for him. Imagine what he'd have been like in a bus and you have our conductor.

Every morning for three years we all made a point of having the right change for our tickets. Mr. Smetherby once took a taxi because he had nothing but a pound note. Complaints to a higher authority were useless. Hobbes himself couldn't have submitted more meekly to Leviathan than we to this daily despotism. That is, until the day before yesterday.

It all began quite quietly. We were half-way through a fierce lecture on suitcases when the bell suddenly ceased to function. It was pressed repeatedly but made no sound. "The bus," we were informed, "will be taken to the garage for repairs. All change at the garage." Next, the bus halted at a request stop for a complete stranger. He had our sympathy. We knew the conductor's views on request stops, and they were put into effect at once. "No more passengers," he said loudly. "The bus is being taken in for repairs." The stranger was foolhardy and stepped on to the platform. "Why?" he asked. "It looks all right to me."

This was one of the moments

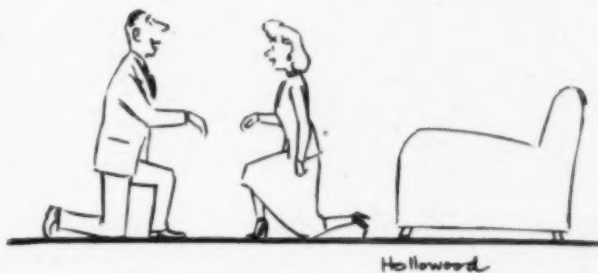
that made the conductor's day, and with full relish he demonstrated the art of teaching infants at a primary school. "Look," he said. "The bell won't work, that's why . . . See?" and he pressed. To our happy astonishment the bell was on our side. It rang distinctly, and the bus moved on. "Really, I don't know what you're talking about," said the stranger, walking in and sitting down. A rebellious murmur of support ran through the passengers. Julius Caesar once quelled a mutiny with a look. Our conductor acted quickly. "When I says no more passengers I mean no more passengers," he said majestically. "So we'll wait here for you to get off," and he pressed the bell for the bus to stop. But the bell was on our side. Nothing happened and the bus went steadily onwards. "Press on, press on, but all in vain," quoted Mr. Smetherby, and three years of servitude dissolved in uproarious laughter. At the next stop was an inspector. The conductor tried to explain, but the stranger was a man of resource and got in first. "I wish to lodge a complaint against the conductor," he said. "He refused to let me on the bus because the bell was out of order, whereas really it's working perfectly. He doesn't know what he's doing. I think he's drunk."

The inspector pressed the bell and we all held our breath. It rang loud and clear and the bus started

on its way. The inspector believed in supporting his subordinates. "Take it into the garage if there's anything wrong," he said, and examined our tickets severely. The stranger had to be sold a ticket for the inspector to examine. We all felt it was our victory.

At the garage the conductor disappeared and came back again with someone in dungarees who pulled a little box beside the driver to pieces. The conductor, with perhaps a last bid for popular support, made a false move. "Come on, come on," he said. "We 'aven't all day, you know." The man in dungarees looked insulted. "You don't know your trade union rules, mate," he said. "This is electrical. I'll 'ave to get Joe." Five minutes later another man appeared. Ten minutes later we left the garage. "A pity, conductor," one of us remarked, "that you didn't know your trade union rules." We missed our train, but it was worth it.

Next morning the conductor attempted a *putsch*. He spoke with all his old tones of authority as we climbed on. "Come on, wake up, no time to waste," he said. Then Mr. Smetherby proffered a ten-shilling note. The conductor did his best. "You 'aven't change?" he asked ferociously, and for a moment it looked as though he might be successful. But Mr. Smetherby stood firm. "Change?" he said. "Change? That rings a bell . . ."



"That's funny—I was just going to ask you the same question."

ALL SQUARE DANCE

or What will the Butler Call?

INTRODUCTION

FACE the music
And wait for the call.
By March the fourth
You'll have heard it all.

When you've gone through my figures
You'll work like niggers,
But all and some
They'll bring you home.

FIRST FIGURE

Honour your partners, honour your debts:
When nobody gives, then nobody gets,
When everyone gets, then nobody gains,
So honour your debts if it snows or it rains.

Balance and swing, balance and swing,
Balance of payments is the thing.
Swing or switch or block or stall,
Balance you must in the end or fall.

First couple swing and cut off six:
If you don't cut you'll be in a fix.
First couple swing and cut off four:
Then think how you can cut some more.
First couple swing and cut off two:
The more you cut, the quicker you're through.

SECOND FIGURE

Pass out your stocks of rubber and tin—
Rubber and tin bring the dollars in.
China and whisky make the dollars flow—
Strip the willow pattern and do *si do*.
Allemande left and allemande right:
E. D. C. is nearly in sight,
Credit is tight and money short,
Listen for the Three Wise Men's report.

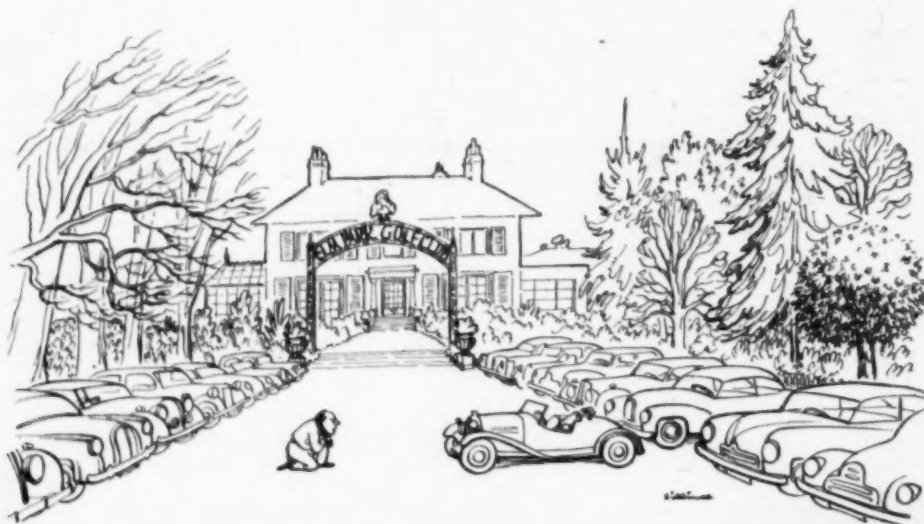
THIRD FIGURE

Third Figure I can't give away:
Wait for the figure on Budget Day:
Pass the treat that I've got in store,
And move right ahead to Figure Four.

FOURTH FIGURE

Swing that gal and make her work:
Push her around like a terrible Turk.
There's life in the old Britannia yet:
The more she gives, the more she'll get.

Take her hand and promenade:
The finest help is bootstrap aid.
Promenade all over the floor:
Spend your sovereigns as you did before.
Get yourself a convertible pound,
Then promenade around and around:
Promenade till you're fit to drop—
Only the Chancellor says when to stop.





THE RECONNAISSANCE

[Ladder gangs have lifted more than £150,000 worth of valuables in the last twelve months.]



GOT THE TIME, MISTER?

"THAT we haven't," said the Irish porter, when asked if they had a clock in the station, "and why should we be distressing ourselves with time?" The day after tomorrow thousands of babies are going to be born who will have to wait four years for their first birthday. If there weren't any clocks or calendars they would not know what they were missing. The Earth got on perfectly well for three thousand million years without time-keeping. Why should we be distressing ourselves with it now.

making all those babies miserable from the moment of their birth with the prospect of only one birthday to everyone else's four?

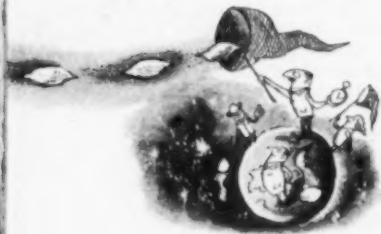
Not long ago a deputation from No. 10, Bouverie Street, with full powers to inquire into the nature of Time, left the temperate zones of England and climbed 800 ft. up to the snow and ice of Abinger, Surrey, to visit the Time Department of Royal Greenwich Observatory. We asked the Head of the Time Department why humanity should be distressing itself with

time. He regarded the question as rhetorical! or frivolous, read off the date of the month and the phase of the moon from his wrist-watch, and resumed control of the establishment which maintains the National Time Service.

(Note.—Anything stated in this article, and particularly anything referring to Abinger, bears only an accidental and wholly fortuitous relation to the facts; it should be corrected for diurnal parallax and proper motion of the stars, for progressive retardation and polar

variation of the Earth, for solar, lunar, and planetary precession, for lapses of memory, slips of the pen, typists' errors and cerebral nutation.)

"Absolute, true, and mathematical time, of itself, and from its own nature, flows equally and without relation to anything." That was an occasion when Newton was wrong. The speed of time and indeed its very existence depend on who is observing it and from where. But we can't have philosophy breaking in on our cheerfulness, or we shan't get anywhere. Why should we distress ourselves with time?



Because there's no sport like trying to snare it. "Time—oh, time—is a bird," said Humbert Wolfe. It gives its pursuers a superb stalk for their trouble and then gaily eludes capture. The ancient Egyptians tried to skewer it out of the sky with obelisks. The early inhabitants of Britain built Stonehenge and hoped to lure it on to the sacrificial slab. Julius Caesar slammed a door shut on it with Leap Year and Pope Gregory XIII tightened the hinges. But time is out and away again; before we're another half million years older we shall all be taking our summer holidays in midwinter, unless the Leap Year cycle is made a better fit still.

The year is the outer perimeter of the time-trap; its inner cage is the day. Do what the Time Department will, it cannot close the four-minute escape gap between a Sidereal Day, which is the time interval between successive crossings of the meridian by the first point of Aries (corrected for all factors not hitherto thought of), and a Mean Solar Day, which is the time

interval between successive crossings of the meridian by a fictitious and incorrigible constant known as the Mean Sun. Although all ordinary clocks and watches are adjusted to the Mean Sun, this sea-green incorruptible has never caught popular imagination or inspired great art. As for the true Sun, once its motions have been observed and the Mean Solar Day averaged out from them, it is of no further use, except for recording the sunny hours on sundials.

"Abinger to Jupiter, repeat Mars. Report declination and right ascension immediately." "Abinger to Arcturus. You are in advance of station. Fall back." "Abinger to Alpha Centaurus. Unidentified body causing perturbation on your port bow. Investigate and report." Thus the Head of the Time Department, seated in his control room and rushing through space with all his instruments at 650 m.p.h. (figure supplied by the Time Department, but it may have referred to some other matter), maintains the Hora Britannica throughout the universe. No, he tells me, I've got it wrong. The Time Department is servant, not master, of the stars. I was misled by the serried racks of electronic equipment, by the phaseable phonic motors and trickle-charged batteries, by the authoritative sweep of the pentagonal prism and the optical square as the broken transit wheels on its east-west axis, by the eager research teams solving the toughest problems with a quick mock-up of match-sticks, cotton reels, and sealing-wax, and by the tireless mathematicians with their determined pages of arithmetic.

The earplugs with which we had equipped ourselves before visiting Abinger were unnecessary. There was no thunderous ticking of ten thousand time-pieces, there were no obelisks, stone circles, or sacrificial slabs, scarcely a balance-wheel or a pendulum. The Abinger clocks are just rings of quartz crystal vibrating a hundred thousand times a second and maintained in oscillation by an electric circuit.

We had to go down a companion-ladder into a cellar to look into the strong-rooms, where time

lies imprisoned. We still didn't see the oscillating crystals; they are closely secured in copper ovens and temperature-controlled caskets. The whole set-up would do credit to the Bank of England. Even so, somewhere between the nightly observations by telescope, between the checking of the various clocks against one another and against similar clocks at Greenwich, between the calculating and averaging of results, the bird, I am certain, gives six unauthorized pips and slips away, leaving a mere simulacrum of itself to keep the crystals oscillating and humanity punctual.

Complete dedication to a job is always admirable. That THE NATIONAL TIME SERVICE MUST BE MAINTAINED is the inspiration of Abinger. Let the mines and factories close. Let Britain starve, freeze, or be immobilized. Britons never, never, never shall be ignorant of the time. So long as there is a man or woman alive in the Time Department the six pips will be supplied every quarter-hour to the B.B.C. and survey expeditions in Africa, scientific investigators at sea, frequency-standardizing laboratories at home will receive a vernier check for their chronometers, provided by the five-minute precision signals.

Why then should we distress ourselves with time? Because the chase after it is as fine a sport as has ever been devised. As for the Leap Year babies—"The passage of time is not in itself toxic. It has no effect on human physique." O my milliseconds and my microseconds! Now biology is trying to break in on our cheerfulness; though I must say I find that particular bit of information pretty cheerful on its own account. And perhaps it provides our solution. If time has nothing to do with ageing we could all of us find something more worthwhile to celebrate than birthdays. Then the Incorporated Association of Leap Year Babies, no longer at a disadvantage, could entertain the Time Department to an Annual Aberration, uncorrected for anything, on the first new moon after the winter solstice.

HH

CROSS PURPOSES

DURING the last ten of the twenty-five minutes that I spent waiting outside the telephone box where the man and woman were apparently rehearsing a play, I tried to attract their attention by making faces, glaring in at them from a number of different angles, striking matches and looking at my watch, and finally tapping on the glass with a coin. When at last they came out, the man said simply "It's no good making a fuss, old man. I was having a conversation."

Before I had even inserted my three pennies I found that the man had left his umbrella behind. He came back perhaps two minutes later and tried to signal to me, but by then I had embarked on a colloquy with a Miss Fortescue, to whom twenty-five minutes are nothing.

I mention this rather sordid affair to show the kind of atmosphere that prevails around our telephone boxes. The MALLOR exchange has roughly ninety-nine

thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine people clamouring to be connected to its nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine terminals. The authorities, in their usual playful fashion, have located most of the public telephones in the Post Office, so that they are out of reach for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and even more on Thursdays; and consequently the few that remain available in the evening do a brisk, rather bad-tempered, trade, except on the evenings when they are out of order.

Certainly no one would expect, at any time, to see a woman emerge from any of them shaking with laughter. "There's somebody on the line," she said hysterically, and set off for the telephone box at the far end of the street. If she had asked me I could have told her that there was someone in it, but I should have felt guilty about forcing such tidings on her while she was in that mood.

I picked up the receiver she had just ceded to me, and a voice, choking with anger, said "Hullo."

"Don't say hullo," I said. "Announce your identity."

"Listen now," said the voice ominously, "don't let's have any of that lark, boy. I'm trying to get through to Cardiff."

"Well, you're through to a public call-box."

"Get off the line, then, why don't you?" the voice invited me.

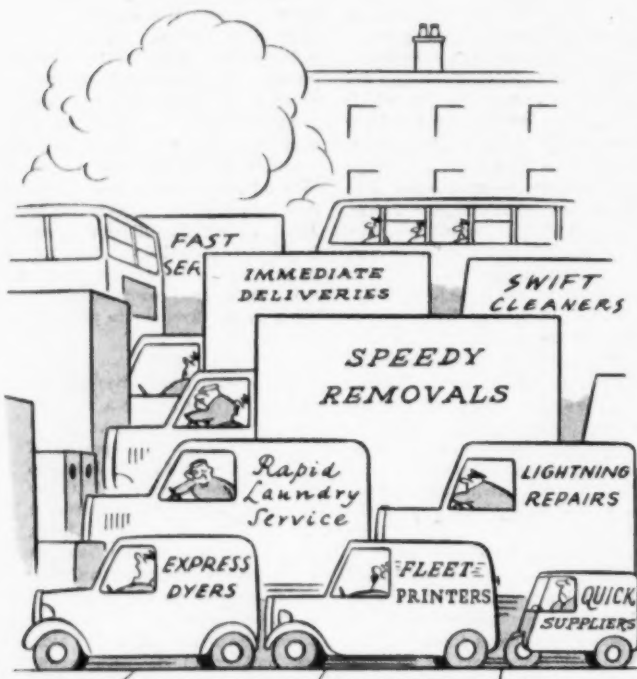
I said, slowly and clearly, "What you should do is to hang up, dial the operator again and explain what's happened."

"Listen, why don't you hang up then?" said the distant subscriber. I depressed the receiver-rest and held it down for some five seconds. Then I lifted it again and stood by for the dialling-tone. "Hallo?" said the voice. "Is that Exchange?"

"I'm sorry," I said meekly.

The voice said something that made me glad he was out of contact with the operator. "But don't you see," I insisted, "all you have to do is call the exchange again and they'll put all your troubles right for you."

"Don't you take the mickey out



of me, look," said the distant subscriber. "Half an hour I've been."

A girl in a red hat had arrived outside. "Listen," I said, "my hanging up won't do you any good. I've just tried it."

"You didn't try it proper."

"I did try it proper. Now please, Taff, just hang up—"

"Don't you Taff me," said the voice. "It's all right for you, sitting there in your armchair, but there's half an hour I've been trying to—"

"Listen," I said, "I haven't got an armchair. This is a call-box, and I can't make my call because of you, and there are other people waiting. Have some sense and hang up."

"Don't you tell me to have some sense. You come down here and tell me to have some sense."

"Certainly. Where are you?"

"Never mind where I am."

We seemed to be getting nowhere. I put my pennies back in my pocket and left the box. Although I explained what was wrong, the girl in the red hat insisted on trying her luck. Looking back at her over my shoulder as I made my way to the box at the other end of the street, I saw her holding the receiver to her ear with a faintly surprised expression.

The laughing woman was waiting outside the other box. She was laughing no longer, but blowing on her hands to warm them. In the box a man jiggled the receiver-rest up and down impatiently. "He's been in there *hours*," the woman said. I went through my repertoire of glares and glances at my watch, and finally tapped on the glass with a penny. The man played a last angry tattoo on the instrument and came out.

"I should think so," the woman said, taking his place.

"It's a bad night for telephones," I said to the man. "In the box down there all you can get is some half-wit who keeps saying that he's been trying half an hour to get through to Cardiff."

"Me the same, man," said the man. "I've been trying for Cardiff now since—"

Luckily, he was fairly slow on the uptake. B. A. YOUNG



"... and repairs have risen to three times what they were when I was at Salisbury."

THE BISSEXTILE, OR LEAPE YEARE

CORINNA, with the rising day
 Rise, and thy chearfull mattins say;
 Th' unpunctuall Earth and punctuall Sun
 Now in the Almanack are one:
 Put on thy loveliness, and bring
 For gift the first delites of Spring,
 To celebrate the fleeting howres
 With such minute and pensive flowers
 As now the patient Earth puts on
 To mark thy sweet confession;
 And make, ere Time delaying move,
 The declaration of thy love:
 So shalt thou my proposer be,
 Who else had first propos'd to thee.

G. H. VALLINS

BEE IN MY BONNET

THE *Reader Over Your Shoulder*, in which Robert Graves and Alan Hodge teach writers how to write, contains three chapters on the Principles of Clear Statement, and Principle Fifteen warns them against raising expectations that are not fulfilled. When I say "them" I mean of course writers, not Graves and Hodge. (Principle Two: "It should always be made clear which of two or more things already mentioned is being discussed.") You see how difficult it is! I've made another blunder now by saying I mean writers, not Graves and Hodge... which sounds insulting. I didn't mean it. In fact I didn't mean to bring those two into the thing at all, because this article is really about something that goes clang-alang-alang under the bonnet of my car; or, rather, that *went*; it's

stopped now. (Principle Five: "There should never be any doubt left as to when.")

I blame the bit about unfulfilled expectations for getting me into this mess, but I wanted to make it clear from the start that this isn't one of those pieces that whip the reader into a ferment of suspense over some mysterious circumstance and then clear it up in the last sentence. It's nothing of the sort. And if any reader thinks, when he's finished this, that he knows what was going on all the time under the bonnet of my car he is welcome to write a last paragraph of his own and gum it on the end.

As soon as I noticed it I told Charlie about it. Charlie used to be a ship's engineer, and can be found any afternoon standing in the middle of what passers-by take for

a small breaker's yard—actually his own car undergoing ship's engineering treatment. When I get this kind of trouble—engine continuing to fire after switching off, wiper smelling of ketchup on steep hills—I always tell my motoring friends. I don't pester them to help me, but just tell them about it, conversationally, hoping to interest them.

"It goes clang-alang-alang," I told Charlie.

"Goes how?"

"Clang-alang-alang."

"Big end," said Charlie, pushing a piece of his engine out on to the asphalt with a spanner.

"What of?" I said.

I know, of course, that cars have big ends, and that they have a trick of going. But I've never known what a big end was, where it went or why, and, if mine was going, this seemed a good time to put the question. Besides, they love explaining.

"Does it happen all the time?" asked Charlie, when he'd calmed down again after explaining.

"Only some of the time," I said. "I've got her round the corner, as a matter of fact." His interest seemed sufficiently aroused, I thought, and in any case it was getting dusk. He put down a bit of machinery and began to wipe his hands on a filthy rag. This gave me heart. Mechanics are a fastidious lot, I've noticed, and always clean themselves in this way before tackling dirty work.

When I'd climbed in and thrown the starting-handle in the back Charlie made a few routine passes over the engine and then caused the accelerator pedal to be snatched from under my foot. Everything screamed, and the driving mirror, sidelights and other fittings unusually susceptible to vibration passed temporarily from view.

But it wouldn't go clang-alang-alang. So it wasn't the big end, Charlie said. It would certainly have gone clang-alang-alang if it



had been the big end. He seemed discouraged. We tried everything: fast running, slow running, grinding about in bottom gear; but I had to drive off unexorcized at last, leaving him to get on with his own work in the dark. However, the clang-along-along struck up musically as I coasted into my garage.

I told Bartlett about it on the train, when the unlikelihood of my having the car handy lent an edge to his interest. He got quite excited when I mentioned Charlie's diagnosis, but cooled off on hearing that it had fallen down. He put forward loose number-plate, exhaust-pipe trailing, and spare parts rolling about on the floor (he knows the car well by repute—if you can call it that). But I checked all these the next day and found nothing but an almost empty bottle of salad-cream under one of the front seats. I wondered about that, and removed it, but I still got two lots of clang-along-along on the way to the station. There was nothing for it; it was a garage job.

"It goes clang-along-along," I told George at the garage. He beckoned Harry and Ted and Wilf and a youth who seemed to be repairing his own motor-cycle, and they all came and stood and listened.

"That it?" said George.

"No," I said. "It always does that."

I left it with them. They said they'd run it on the road. "Can't do nothing till we hear it," they said. But they'd find it, okay, they said. I wasn't to worry.

When I collected it that night George said "Can't find nothing wrong with your crate; not with what you mentioned, I mean. Ought to get the dynamo lined-up, though."

"Lined-up?" I said.

"Wants lining-up, like," he explained. (George is not acquainted with Principle Fourteen: "No important detail should be omitted from any phrase, sentence or paragraph.")

During the next week or two they had various theories for curing the clang-along-along—decarbonization, a new fan-belt, brake

adjustment, overall lubrication at a *table d'hôte* rate, and something described on my monthly account as "Remove dismantle refit o/s d/l sundry material used 19s. 8½d." It cost money, but they're very decent there: if a repair costs more than a pound they don't charge you the shilling for garaging the car. And still no one had heard the clang-along-along but me.

It was a man at a strange garage who cleared it up. At least, I can only think he did. He'd been putting some oil in and he said "Did you know your hooter's loose?" I didn't. He gave the screw a couple of turns and I tipped him a shilling a turn. Somehow I felt he'd stumbled on the solution. And yet . . . just as I was engaging gear to drive off I received the clang-along-along loud and clear. I asked him if he heard it, but he said no; and when I explained he said "Sometimes you get to imagining, with these old 'uns."

I thought over what he'd said, and it's a funny thing, but I've never heard the clang-along-along since. And that's the whole story.



"I suppose it's all right. They said he knew his way home."

Yes, yes, but I did warn you at the beginning. And I know all about Principle Sixteen: "No theme should be suddenly abandoned." Sorry, Graves. Sorry, Hodge. J. B. BOOTHROYD

TOTUS TERES

THE fully integrated man
Is no doubt very smooth and fine.

But much of his experience

Must be less interesting than mine.

For I have seven several selves

That I can clearly recognize

And twice as many ill-defined

And intermittent *Is*.

Some selves can be assumed at will,

And some precariously held,
And others are like bailiff's men,

To be paid off but not expelled:

Some of the lot are decent types,

And some unquestionably queer;

But each insists on being me

As long as he is here.

Where I come in, I cannot tell,

Nor whether I include the whole,

Or am an image in the mind

Of each successive separate soul.

I much suspect that I, who claim
To stand aside and watch the fun,
Am little better than the bunch
Of whom I am but one.

But even if there is no me,
I really cannot care a scrap;
My avatars are no more odd
Than those of any other chap;
I can as well describe as me
The general effect of these
As call a green conglomerate
Of lives a Stilton cheese.

I am not very clear of head
Or handy with the terms
employed;
I do not think about it much,
And have not even read my Freud:
But when I meet a solemn man,
Too certain of himself by half,
I wink at all his other selves,
And lumme, how we laugh.

P. M. HUBBARD

ALARM AND EXCURSION

THE principal regarded his staff with unfathomable eyes.

"I have called this extraordinary meeting," he began, "because I have serious news. An inspector is due to call at the Institute any night now."

Miss Forsythe of Puppetry and Pottery dropped her handbag; Mr. Harringay of Elementary Child Psychology half rose from his chair.

"For the benefit of those of our colleagues who are new this session," went on the principal, "I propose to say a few words on how we shall receive him."

"You will be informed well in advance of his arrival. I have devised a system whereby each tutor has at least ten minutes to pull himself or herself and the class together."

A few members of the staff stirred in their places. Mr. Affleck of Musical Appreciation fluttered his hands.

"But let me explain. When the inspector arrives I keep him in conversation—perhaps about registers, perhaps about smoking in class. Each has his own theory on these subjects which he likes to expound. While we are chatting, my secretary slips unobtrusively from the room, runs along to the first classroom,

and warns the tutor. The tutor immediately detaches a member of his class to run next door to carry on the news; and so on, clockwise, round the first floor. We need not worry about the second floor. I have never yet known an inspector to reach it.

"Now there are one or two snags about this plan which are foreseen but cannot be guarded against," and the principal smiled disarmingly. "For instance, the inspector may not like to go round clockwise. That, as I have only one secretary, may be awkward for Early English Drama," and the principal bowed slightly in the direction of Miss Mainwaring, who is the first door on the right, "and we shall need the cool head and vivid imagination we all know Miss Mainwaring possesses. She will be required, so to speak, to issue a caveat of her own. Secondly, the inspector may talk for so long after my secretary has done her part that the tutors may be lulled into a sense of false security, and congratulate themselves that perhaps it was a false alarm. The shock of a sudden official entrance may well throw a class into a greater confusion than would have been the case if there had been no warning at all.

"Again, the inspector may want to see the heating arrangements first. Here Mr. Wheelwright and his Handicrafters may be hit rather badly." Mr. Wheelwright bit a calloused thumb and nodded. "The Handicrafts class is in the basement, on account of the banging, and is next door, to all intents and purposes, to the boiler room. You, Mr. Wheelwright, can't send out an alarm to anyone—at least, not intentionally. But you are an old hand, and should not lose your head.

"That, then," said the principal, beginning to doodle with a piece of chalk on a syllabus, "is the general plan."

He looked up suddenly. "Now as to action when the warning has been received. All registers must be



totted up and closed, and the number of students marked as present must tally pretty well with the number actually present. Something relevant to the work of the class must be written prominently on the blackboard; pipes and cigarettes must be put out, and the tutor must immediately adopt an attitude, suitable again to the subject being taught, of having just said something important.

"I shall, of course, accompany the inspector, and I shall do all I can to lead the conversation away from the work in hand. But the tutor must be ready for a sudden question thrown at him or her concerning, say, fluorescent lighting, open or shut windows, or age-groups.

"One thing more. On choosing the carrier of the warning, make sure (a) that he knows where he is going—Miss Forsythe will remember last year's *débâcle* when her messenger ran back into my room crying breathlessly 'The inspector's here!'—and (b) that the messenger is fleet of foot and able to keep a clear head.

"Now—any questions? I feel . . . Yes, come in!"

The door opened a few inches, and a head was poked round rather apologetically. "So sorry disturbing anything. Is the principal—? Ah—there you are, Mr.—er— Perhaps you remember me from last session!" FERGUSON MACLAY



"Of course, for the last twenty years we've had to help him up."



"You must come down some time when it's warmer and really look over the place."

EDUCATIONAL

QUITE frequently poems and articles
 Dealing with snow—
 As a thing that may harden or
 soften—
 Are found in your favourite paper,
 Dear children, I know,
 But not nearly sufficiently often
 Do they tell you what pyramids, prisms,
 Cohesion, and agglomeration,
 What weldings and schisms
 Of lovely device,
 Some common, some rare,
 Are entailed by the crystallization
 Of invisible aqueous vapour
 Which, all unaware,
 Condenses in spicules of ice
 About billions and billions of particles
 Latent in air;
 So I think it would be rather nice
 Now and then to remember
 What stars,
 What columnar forms
 Hexagonal and holohedral,
 What ray upon ray,

What infinite sets
 Of angled rosettes
 Like the carving inside a cathedral
 Come down in the storms
 Or quite softly, like sleep upon slumber,
 Very often to linger and stay
 Till the road becomes useless for cars.
 That is all for to-day
 As I sit at the fire by the ember,
 Dear children, that I have to say
 On the subject of snow.
 It may also be useful for ski-ing
 And throwing around
 At some harmless and elderly being
 Whose heart is most likely unsound.
 My aim was to show
 The unspeakably quaint architecture
 By which every flake has been bound
 For a purpose on which no conjecture
 Is safe to propound—
 A point that we often miss seeing
 When scooping the stuff from the ground.

But I shall not go out in it. No.

Evon

HARRINGTON SEES ALL

MY journalist friend Harrington stares mistily at
 his beer. Clearly he is about to give me a
 preview of his Sunday political column.

In a moment he speaks. In Westminster's lobbies
 the air is hushed and stifling, he tells me. Barometers
 rise

In vain to tap the glass. For they are political
 barometers. And they foretell storms.

Be sure, then, that storms will come.

A subtle chain of countless rings

The next unto the farthest brings.

Mark well my words, says Harrington quickly,
 before I can ask him what is the point of this quotation.

For why?

The Budget comes soon.

So the whole political pattern unfolds. In January
 the economic proposals. In March the Budget. And
 now in February—what?

I name it the Between Period, says Harrington.
 For it is between the one statement and the other.
 And both are Chancellor's statements.

Ho, ho! Mr. Butler, Harrington adds, hoarsely.
 Be sure that the Opposition will be after you!

Be sure that there will be some of your proposals
 they will not like. And that they will oppose them.

But be sure, too, that behind you the ranks of
 Torydom will stand united.

So the storm will break . . .

* * * * *

What should the Chancellor do?

Let him hearken to the voice of this newspaper,
 Harrington advises.

Let him abolish the purchase tax and the Central
 Office of Information. Let him wipe out the Battersea
 fun fair as though it had never been. And let him
 uphold the Empire.

Let him fulfil this newspaper's election pledges.

So may he be sure of this newspaper's support.
 And it is powerful support.

* * * * *

Of course, of course, I murmur; but Harrington is
 not to be soothed. Instead he reverts to the ranks of
 Torydom.

Let them be purged, he cries, of all who do not
 follow this newspaper's line. Let them be opposed on
 the platforms. At the hustings. And in the ballot boxes.

No matter the howls. No matter the confusion.
 No matter the split vote. The moguls of Central
 Office must learn . . .

* * * * *

How nice, how nice to write for a newspaper, I
 think, as I steal softly away. ERIC WALMSLEY

HOLD MY COAT . . . I

FEW
 Articles of attire
 Arouse my ire,
 Get my goat
 Or generally ruffle
 Me
 To the same degree
 As the duffle
 Coat.
 True,
 Should one cower
 On the poop
 Of some sloop
 Or on a conning-tower
 Caked with ice,
 To draw a cowl
 Round one's stubbly
 Jowl
 Must be doubly
 Nice.
 Moreover, whatever prejudice
 lingers,
 One must succumb
 To the view
 That numb
 Fingers
 In a mitten
 Would soon be frost-bitten
 As mutton
 Unless spared
 Being bared
 To seek the conventional button.
 While I do not care for,
 I must, therefore,
 Accept those toggles . . .
 But one's sense of life's fitnesses
 Boggles
 When one witnesses
 Such raiment
 On strollers
 Wearing bowlers
 (Above pale faces
 And tanned dispatch cases)
 Hesitating
 On the pavement,
 Umbrella in hand,
 Prior to navigating
 The Strand.

MARK BEVAN



E. H. Shepard



"Red Leader calling Base, Red Leader calling Base . . .
Three Bandits outside 'The Grapes' . . . Going in now . . . TALLY-HO!"

A JOURNEY ROUND MY BOOKSHELVES

II

I HAPPEN to be what is known as a keen angler, so it is natural enough that I should possess a good many books on the subject. In a well-ordered library, of course, they would have a shelf to themselves, but in mine, as I have explained, the volumes are arranged according to size rather than subject matter. Thus, when I feel in the mood for a chapter from *The Science of Spinning for Salmon and Trout*, by Mr. Alexander Wanless, I eventually pluck the book from between *The Opium-Eater and Other Writings*, by De Quincey, and *Trio*, by Sir Osbert Dame Edith and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell.

I bought *Trio* a good many years ago, at a time when I was working

away, hammer and tongs, on two evenings of every week, in an attempt to make myself into a major poet. A friend, himself a poet, recommended the book. "You should get hold of *Trio*," he said. "Dame Edith Sitwell gives some excellent tips. Since reading the book I've placed a series of odes, and altogether I'm writing with increased fire and punch."

I found that *Trio* consisted of a group of lectures delivered by the three writers in 1937, and I am afraid I must say at once that, unlike my friend, I found little of real practical value in the section devoted to poetry. How was this? I think that a brief comparison of Dame Edith's work with that of

Mr. Wanless may provide us with an answer:

"The half-rhymes alternately fall and stretch wildly onwards into infinity. This is only one of the deeply significant technical interests of this great poem."—*Trio*.

"Sea-trout in rivers in spate will take an artificial readily at times, but, taken all over, the natural will kill more fish."—*The Science of Spinning for Salmon and Trout*.

Now, with all possible respect, I must maintain that if Dame Edith found herself beside a river, spinning rod in hand, and fingering dubiously now a gold-dyed eel-tail, now a two-and-a-half-inch blue and silver Devon, she would get little help

from the reflection that the choice raised a point of deeply significant technical interest. She would be determined, and rightly, to choose that lure which would ensure the better chances of success, and, thanks to Mr. Wanless, she would be able to take up her eel-tail with some confidence.

In the same way, when I have got my teeth into a sonnet, what I want, if I may say so, is some helpful practical advice. Let us take an ordinary everyday example. Suppose that I decide to attempt, by clever shifting of stresses and adroit management of my vowels, to leave with my readers the impression of a maniacal rustic face thrust suddenly from the midst of a juniper tree. Right. What about these half-rhymes? Should I try them? I do not know. How to make them stretch wildly onwards into infinity? I cannot tell.

If we turn for a moment to our *Opium-Eater* we shall find, in an appendix following the fine quotation "With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms," a workmanlike little table in which the successive steps by which De Quincey effected his liberation from the dread drug are neatly set forth. Would not Dame Edith's work have benefited by the inclusion of something of the same kind? What I have in mind is a table in which various poetical effects would be set out against the devices recommended to secure them. Thus, if I wish to give my characters a boneless movement seething sideways or backwards, a course which, as far as I can make out, Dame Edith considers advisable, I simply look it up in the table, finding, perhaps, that the effect may be secured by using "s"-loaded dactyls with plenty of long "a"s and occasional half-rhymes. In this way I save time and temper, having my effect on paper in a matter of minutes instead of spending a whole evening on the job, and finding in the end, as likely as not, that my characters are seething in the wrong direction.

It may be, of course, that in my ignorance I have looked in Dame Edith's lectures for something that

was never intended to be there. If so, I can only apologize, and hasten to admit that I have derived great pleasure and some instruction from her work. One thing in particular I have learned—the importance of vowel sounds in securing various effects; and this has enabled me to find in Mr. Wanless's book, when read aloud by one proficient in the art, beauties that I had hitherto passed over unnoticed. Let me give an example:

"Here we are again. A week has passed, a week of good weather which has knocked a foot off the height of the river."

Notice how Mr. Wanless has contrived, by the clever management of his long "e"s—"here,"

"week," "week"—to convey something of the almost hysterical excitement experienced by the angler before beginning to fish. The last few words seem to be blown inwards by the bestial jumble of the "o"s—"knocked," "foot"—and a cold premonition of disaster is felt: a good fish may be lost. Almost as fine is a passage which occurs on pages 64-65, where, by subtle variations of long "i"s and "a"s, a curious, unearthly jangling is sent echoing through a description of the art of preserving prawns in carbonic acid gas.

I could find it in my heart to wish that in his fascinating work Mr. Wanless had used perhaps a trifle less restraint. On his ears the



"I remember now, the critics said it was like a breath of fresh air after the torrid unpleasantness of the average play of to-day."

words "thread-line reel" and "golden sprat" must surely fall as solemnly as did "opium" and "Oxford Street" on De Quincey's, yet where the Opium-Eater lets himself go, as it were, with "So, then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother," etc., Mr. Wanless is content with "Myself, I prefer a sprat"—surely a little insipid. One would have thought that attacks on the thread-line method might have released a little venom from Mr. Wanless's pen, but his "It is a safe guess that those who speak or write in that way have never tried the method" lacks the sting of De Quincey's description of a fellow-sufferer from Coleridge's conversation: "He returned home in the exhausted condition of one that has been drawn up just before death from the bottom of a well occupied by foul gases." I may be quite wrong, but it seems to me that in the sombre exclamation "There was a time when I ate as I fished"—Mr. Wanless refers to the riverside lunch—we have a hint that it is in this writer's earlier works that we must look for the fanatical fire now pent beneath the cold exterior of the controlled vowel-juggler.

One final point: Mr. Wanless has illustrated his work, and by so doing, I venture to assert, he has succeeded in breasting the tape a bare inch or two ahead of Dame Edith and the little Opium-Eater. Had they adopted the same plan—and in my editions, at any rate, they have not done so—who can doubt that the outcome would have been vastly different? However spirited the execution of a prawn mounted for spinning, it can hardly be expected that it should awaken the same interest as, say, an action-photograph of Mr. T. S. Eliot, or a group showing De Quincey with Isis and Osiris.

T. S. WATT

"Accompanied by James, John swam the River Finn and arrived in County Donegal."

Mr. Miller said there was no doubt that "both were in it up to the neck."

Belfast Telegraph

What did he expect?

LETTER FROM AMERICA

GUID EVENING.—The other evening I sat in my apartment with two friends, both of whom took an instant dislike to the other at first sight. One was the vice-president of a gold mining corporation and the other was a Republican too. We sat and gulped our drinks and talked in a strained, rambling way of the chaotic, confused and often anarchic effect of too much money on the American Way of Life. We talked in this fashion until one of my friends, the vice-president of the gold mining corporation, declared with, for him, unusual solemnity: "Boys, we're getting nowhere, no-where at-all."

The other man (and I forgot to mention that he is also the vice-president of a gold mining corporation) said—and this was most unusual: "Bud, that's the smartest thing you've said tonight."

Now, in America, or more specifically, in New York, when two or more people are gathered together after a guid dinner in a comfortably furnished apartment, especially

when two of the three people present are vice-presidents of gold mining corporations, you would expect the conversation to be around—if not specifically on—metallurgy or at least alluvial deposits. And you would be right.

There were these two men, typical, if you like, of the five hundred and twenty-six vice-presidents of gold mining corporations in these United States. And their talk—and this is the significant thing—was on—money. Not money in its intangible sense, in the sense that we, the people, the common denominators in the everyday economic give-and-take know it, but money in the real sense. In other words—dollars.

Now, for the next chapter in this story we have to go to a small township away out on Long Island. To get to Long Island, which is where several million commuters from New York live, you have to cross the Triborough Bridge, and that itself is quite a feat. Now this township, I may tell you, is just



like all small American townships. It is small—I doubt whether there are more than eight hundred thousand people in it—it has a main street and, above all, it is on Long Island. These facts are important. Not many Americans have heard of it, and I hadn't either until I talked to the man I am going to tell you about now.

Now, in this small Long Island township, about forty miles from New York or roughly the same distance as Brighton is from London, a man digging one day last week in his back garden—just as they dig at week-ends in back gardens in Brighton—struck something hard with the blade or business end of his spade. Now, because the soil in this particular part of Long Island



is noted for its complete lack of stone, rock or other minerals, this fact, to the man digging in his back yard, was significant. He had been digging in that same back garden since he bought the house more than ten years before. You would have thought that after ten years' digging he would be somewhat tired.

Maybe he was, but that fact is not important.

What was important was that after ten years' digging in the same back garden he had struck something hard, something that went clang on the end of his spade.

Now, it would be interesting to report that this man, who had served in the Marines at San Diego, who was at that very moment trying to figure ways and means of putting his eight children through college and meet the next instalment on his television and who, apart from digging his garden at week-ends for the previous ten years, hadn't worked at a regular job, that this man had struck gold. It would be interesting but it just wouldn't be true. Guid night.

FORTY-SIX LINES THAT SCAN

I WANT to be metrical, ever so metrical,
Flitting along like a lark on the wing.

I want to excel in the fitting of syllables

Into a rhythm that goes with a swing.

But, once I have picked on a metre,

I always find one that is neater.

I hate feeling forced to repeat a

Pattern I'm tired of and long for a change in,

A pattern the stresses are hard to arrange in.

So I switch to a pattern the reader feels strange in.

Although, as the author, I know

Exactly the way it should go,

Most readers are horribly slow

And likely to falter whenever I alter

The rate of prosodical flow.

You can always change the metre for a chorus,

Now the chorus is before us, which is fine,

Mighty fine,

And you don't need a constant length of line.

The rhymers' job is easy in the chorus, yes by Horus!

And there's not

Much plot.

It's worse

In the verse

A lot.

If you mark the line-division with decision and the beat

Comes neat and sweet and descends with clean precision,

You can make this chorus scan without coughs, slurring

or elision

Or finding when you finish you are left with two odd feet.

By Horus! I've completed all the chorus!

For another variation in this rhythmic fabrication

I select a tune that moves so fast it skips the awkward bits.

Inconsistently trochaic it at least is not prosaic

And it makes a bright mosaic into which the meaning fits,

Such meaning as I squeeze out of my wits.

O not even Messrs. Faber truly understand the labour

That the poet has expended ere the word he wants is found.

It's excessive to expect that any poet's intellect

Should be fresh enough for meaning by the time it's done the sound.

It's unfair to want the man to be profound.

The final chorus need not take

Much skill or industry to make.

Reader and poet, battered both,

Can now relax in healing sloth,

Exhausted by the English tongue.

My song, I'm glad to say, is sung.

R. G. G. PRICE



THE STYLE OF THE PASSING HOUR

THERE was for a long time quite a widespread belief that the Japanese print was the last refinement of "art for art's sake"; whereas, in fact, it was topical, popular, full (if one could understand it) of subject interest and sold very cheaply to the Japanese man in the street. The topicality is the whole point of the title given to these colour woodcuts of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. "Ukiyoe"—the "style of the passing hour." They were prints that portrayed the stars of the popular stage for its fans. Some corresponded more or less to our Western fashion plates. There was gay life, low life, and topographical interest as in our own prints of about the same period.

This, of course, does not explain why they made such a tremendous impression on European artists in the last century, when they first appeared in Paris and London. The Western eye could hardly fathom their purpose. In those, for instance, which represent the stage, if one guesses the figures are actors, or is so informed by a catalogue, it is still hard to tell a clown from a tragedian. Those raised eyebrows, that drooping, twisted mouth—do they belong to some George Robey of the Far East or to one of its Henry Irvings?

If there are stories in these prints we do not know what they are, and there is no help to be gained for those who do not understand Japanese (of whom it is safe to say



there are many) from the written characters that so decoratively fill up the corners.

Félix Bracquemond, James Whistler and others who hailed with delight these beautiful mysteries (that arrived, so common were they in Japan, as mere wrapping paper round imported tea sets) were able to like them without understanding them. It was even important that they should not understand them: because they could thus see their beauty more clearly. What they were mainly aware of was the extraordinary value a simple line could have, the brilliance of a crafty touch of solid black, the pleasing sensations a well-calculated colour scheme could give. Here was just the corrective that the art of the West seemed to need. Why was it that those chrysanthemum tints of reddish brown, pale yellow and buff were so moving in effect? Clearly because of a conscious effort to produce a colour harmony (an effort the West then made too seldom).

The lesson was useful. For services rendered to European art there is reason to be grateful to the Japanese print. Its astringent design filters into the nocturnes and portraits of Whistler, the landscapes of Van Gogh, the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley, the posters of Toulouse-Lautrec. One thinks of this (for once) fruitful meeting of East and West in looking at the splendid collection of prints assembled in the Hiroshige exhibition arranged by the Arts Council at the New Burlington Galleries. One sees again why Whistler placed a butterfly so exactly, where Beardsley learned the secret of making black look bright.

Yet the Japanese print itself makes us doubt Whistler's conclusion that beauty should be isolated from everything else. Some part of its vigour is due to its being the product of everyday life. It was in its way an art of the people and not of a few connoisseurs. What it really suggests is that all those seeming refinements—the restraint, the simplicity, the care for design—have or should have their place in the most popular of arts.

WILLIAM GAUNT



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, February 19

It fell to the EARL OF CLARENDON, Lord Chamberlain, and to Mr. CEDRIC DREWE, Treasurer of the House—hold, to bear to the two Houses a Message from THE QUEEN, which by its simple directness deeply moved Parliament.

Mr. DREWE, wand in hand, performed his "drill" with a precision and grace that drew a glance of approval from his former colleagues in the Parliamentary Home Guard, now sitting in their peacetime places in various parts of the Chamber, on the Floor, at the Table, or in the Galleries.

With three bows and in a firm and admirably audible voice, Mr. DREWE read the Message, standing before Mr. Speaker. Over in Another Place, Lord CLARENDON, with less ceremonial (as, strangely, is the custom in the Upper House), read the same Message.

In it THE QUEEN thanked both Houses "from the bottom of her heart" for their "loyal and affectionate Addresses" of condolence on the death of King George VI and of congratulation on her accession to the Throne. Her Majesty went on: "I pray that with the blessing of Almighty God I may ever justify your trust and that, aided by your counsel, and sustained by the strength and the affection of my peoples, I may uphold the ideals that my father set before me of peace, freedom and the happiness of the great family of which I am now the head."

Both Houses, too, received messages from Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and from Queen Mary, conveying thanks for Parliament's condolences and sympathy.

Then the two Houses turned to normal business again—the Lords to a debate on the economic situation, the Commons to Question-time and a mixed grill of astonishing variety, though possibly of doubtful nutritional value.

Lord PAKENHAM, surely one of the wittiest and certainly one of the most kindly speakers their Lordships' House has produced, had quite a pleasing time with the economic situation, gently pulling noble legs opposite about Election promises and, no doubt, gratifying the *Daily Express* by joining in that organ's eager search for the "New Elizabethans."

Lord P. gazed steadily at Lord WOOLTON and found that he presented many analogies with Sir Francis Drake. To sustain the comparison called, naturally enough, for a little poetry, so Lord PAKENHAM (boldly adapting Newbolt to



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Major G. Lloyd George
Minister of Food
(Newcastle-upon-Tyne, N.)

suit his purpose) declaimed the following lines:

"Lord Woolton was deep in the Party fight

*When the national crisis came ;
He said 'I go on the air to-night'—
And he stooped and finished his game."*

The noble bard did not add that Lord W. (like Sir F.) not only finished his game but won the subsequent battle.

Lord W.'s smile never faded, and he bowed courteously in acknowledgment of the tribute from across the way. The debate, well-informed and lucid as their Lordships' debates almost invariably are, added but little to the general information—if only because, as the song (almost) used to say, "Everything stops for B."

The B. referred to, Mr. R. A. BUTLER, the Chancellor of the

Exchequer, is now working intensively on his Budget, due for presentation on March 4, and, according to most accounts, likely to set a few bonfires burning as beacons to indicate that Battle has once more Commenced. Many queries are now met with the formula (more impenetrable than any Iron Curtain): "I regret that I cannot anticipate my Budget statement." And that, by long tradition, is the end of that.

Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, as Minister in charge of housing, to-day blew up one of the Opposition's favourite propaganda pieces—and he did it so casually that, until the fragments began to fall with sickening thuds on to the Floor, few noticed the detonation.

Some time ago Mr. BUTLER announced that interest rates for local authorities' loans were to be raised. This provided the Opposition with a basis for the charge that, as a result, houses and rents would cost more—a sure-fire winner, if ever there was one.

So there was an air of lip-licking eagerness when, to-day, Mr. NORMAN SMITH asked the Minister a few awkward questions on the subject. In the most casual manner possible Mr. MACMILLAN made it clear—well, fairly clear—that Government housing subsidies are to be raised so as to cover the increase in the cost of loans, which, of course, are used for many things besides housing.

Before either side had had time to realize that another promising controversy had died the death the House had whizzed on to the next subject. Mr. M. just smiled quietly.

Then Members gave their attention to what may be called the Chief Whips' Jumble Sale, and dealt, in fairly rapid succession, with subjects like: The Festival Pleasure Gardens Bill (to keep the giant racers, etc., a little longer), the Judicial Offices (Salaries, etc.) Bill (to make Judges and others a little happier), the Income Tax and

Customs and Excise Bills (presumably to keep somebody from being too happy), and the Miners' Welfare Bill—a topic which never fails to make all parts of the House happy.

And Mr. HEAD, the War Minister, no doubt made a lot of men and their families happy by his announcement, late at night, that the Government would stand by its pledge that no Z Reservist would be called up twice. Then, fourteen minutes after midnight, the House rose, making the patient staff happy.

Wednesday, February 20

The House of Lords had a pleasant interlude to-day when two recruits, Lord TURNOUR (in other words, Lord Winter-
ton, lately Father of the House of

Commons) and Lord Kirkwood (none other than David Kirkwood of Dunbartonshire) took the oath and "subscribed to the roll" with customary ceremony and a dazzling display of scarlet and miniver.

The Commons listened to a brisk little row over Mr. CHURCHILL's visit to the United States, during the Christmas recess. It appeared that the Cunard Steamship Company had presented the P.M. and Mr. EDEN with their accommodation on the journey, and Mr. WIGG, from the Labour benches, clearly thought this a sad and lamentable thing.

There was a glint in Mr. CHURCHILL's eye when he rose to reply to the question Mr. Wigg put, and he admitted the truth of the allegation. The saving, he pointed out, benefited not the Government

but the British taxpayer—but Mr. Wigg and those few who thought with him made disapproving noises.

Whereupon Mr. CHURCHILL, his eye gleaming still more ominously, rapped: "I cannot think there is anything discreditable in this—except, perhaps, the spirit that prompted this question."

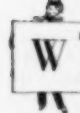
This produced the loudest, fiercest and longest cheer since the Election, and it was interrupted, rather than ended, by Mr. Wigg's plaintive assertion that he had acted out of zeal for the public interest. Mr. CHURCHILL laughed without mirth.

The menu for the day was another mixed, but scarcely exciting, grill, with Disposal of Uncollected Goods, agriculture and fertilizers the main ingredients.



"What with all this home entertainment the art of conversation has gone for good."

AT THE PICTURES

Hunted—The Well

WHAT will most impress most people about *Hunted* (Director: CHARLES CRICHTON) is the excellent showing made by a six-year-old boy named JON WHITELEY, who has a great deal to do with the story and does it, or appears to do it, altogether admirably; but much of the film's quality comes essentially from its free and confident use of authentic scene. It is really nothing but another variation, quite a simple one, on the old theme of the unwilling companions in flight. A little boy, running away from his cruel foster-parents, falls in with a fugitive murderer, who thereafter drags the terrified boy with him as a dangerous witness; in due course, you don't have to be told, they reach a state of mutual trust and affection. This gradual growth of friendliness, as the child loses his fear and the man begins against his will to consider the child's welfare, is extremely well done and blessedly ungreased by the saccharine oil of sentimentality. The very popular situation of the wide-eyed shrimp in a grown-up world has never held much appeal for me, but it is presented here with a matter-of-fact absence of playfulness that I found thoroughly acceptable, and though the continual pursuit itself involves circumstances and characters of a kind we are quite used to in the pursuit story, the director's care for interest and credibility in both sight



Chris Lloyd—DIRK BOGARDE; Robbie—JON WHITELEY

[Hunted]

and sound keeps the whole thing fresh. In the early scenes among bombed London streets near the docks, for example, skilful combination of images with ship and river noises sends through the cinema a breeze that one can almost feel. The director also, of course, must take a great deal of the credit for the boy's performance, though there was plainly unusual intelligence there to help him. DIRK BOGARDE as the other principal character convincingly shows the ever stronger influence of conscience on exasperated panic, and among the others KAY WALSH is quite memorable as a motherly Midland housewife.

The Well (Directors: LEO POPKIN and RUSSELL ROUSE) is another in the race-relations "cycle" (if it can still be called a cycle—there has been a long interval since the last item) and can be criticized, like some of its predecessors, for softening the problem and making the solution come too easily. But it's an engrossing little picture, full of suspense, making its point well and without crudity, and

skilfully done in all departments. And the symptoms of the problem it does not soften at all. The story deals with the hysteria roused by gossip in a small mid-western town when a visiting white man is suspected of having kidnapped a little Negro girl. We know from the start that the little girl is missing only because she has fallen into a hidden well, so there is a bitterly ironic flavour about much of what we see and hear later. The Negro community is grimly certain that since this time "the shoe's on the other foot," since the suspect is a white man, things will be rigged to get him off; from this springs violence, answered with violence. Then the girl is found ("They've found the kid." "What kid?" says a man organizing a big blow at the other side) and both parties combine in tremendous rescue operations. Unfortunately it's just a special case.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one in London is CECIL B. DEMILLE's *The Greatest Show on Earth*, which is simply a roaring great circus, two and a half hours of it, in colour, strung on a thread woven of all the circus-story clichés. More grown-up entertainment: *La Ronde* (16/5/51), *The African Queen* (16/1/52), *Secret People* (20/2/52).

Top of the new releases: *Outcast of the Islands* (30/1/52).

RICHARD MALLETT



Sheriff Kellogg—RICHARD ROBER

Claude Packard—HENRY MORGAN

[The Well]



(*Christ's Emperor*)
Helena—MISS VERONICA TURLEIGH
Constantine—MR. IVAN BRANDT

AT THE PLAY

Christ's Emperor (CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, REGENT STREET)—*Inner Circle* (EMBASSY)

WHILE praising Mr. CHRISTOPHER FRY for his choice of Moses as a dramatic figure, I wrote last week of the difficulty of bringing to the stage great men of action, who too often prove bewildered by the discovery of problems for which a cavalry charge or the dispatch of a gunboat are no answer. Robbed of the mental sedative of action, they are apt to be found adolescent. In *Christ's Emperor*, just finished at the Church of St. Thomas, Regent Street, Miss DOROTHY SAYERS is only partially successful in making *Constantine*, his big fights behind him, quite a grown-up person. Although he wishes to heal the schism in the Church for reasons of policy as much as of religion, there is still something a little embarrassing in his efforts

the speaker of the Prologue stranded awkwardly in the pulpit; but although the portrait of the *Emperor* is not impressive, the handling of the theological battle at Nicaea is a very clever piece of dramatic writing. It is a long scene, but not a moment too long, for with remarkable dialectical skill Miss SAYERS turns the churchmen's bitter debate on the exact position of Christ into a contest that mounts steadily in tension. The same logic and imagination with which she used to confound criminals is here at work to pulverize the resilient *Arius*, and the result is a clear-headed and exciting presentation of esoteric subtlety such as one meets rarely in religious drama.

The production, by the author and Mr. GRAHAM SUTER, overcame most of the difficulties of a church

to meet the scholars of his generation on level terms. That he does so with courage is to be expected, but the presence in the chair of the heavy-weight champion of the world is seldom an intellectual inspiration.

Christ's Emperor consists of the latter part of Miss SAYERS' "The Emperor Constantine" (performed at the Colchester Festival) plus a Prologue to fill in some of his earlier history, and it covers the calling by *Constantine* of the conference at Nicaea, the palace intrigues which led him to murder his son, and finally his baptism and death. Its episodic character involves frequent changes of scene, that take up much time and on occasion leave

stage, and for the final scene made very effective use of an invisible choir. *Constantine* was given authority rather than humanity by Mr. IVAN BRANDT, Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH's quiet, tragic intensity was the reminder we needed of the realities of conquest, and there were excellent performances by Mr. SUTER, as *Athanasius*, and Mr. RICHARD BEYNON as the Secretary. Miss HEATHER BLACK spoke the Prologue admirably. Many of the cast were amateurs from St. Anne's Arts Group, and did it credit.

In "Seagulls over Sorrento" Mr. HUGH HASTINGS wrote an amusing and highly successful comedy about sailors; in *Inner Circle* he comes ashore to exhibit ex-sailors making a sad mess of their lives. It is a clumsy melodrama, artificial and dreary. At times it appears to be signalling some sort of message, but, if it is, the groups remain obstinately corrupt. I must say I am very tired of the spiv, from whose drooping body the last drops of comedy must surely have been wrung by now; but at least Mr. RAY JACKSON's has his wits about him, which in this play is something.

Recommended

Four days left to see Fry's moving *The Firstborn* (Winter Garden), in which Alec Clunes acts splendidly. *The Happy Time* (St. James's) is a Canadian domestic curiosity that might have shocked, but ends by charming.

ERIC KEOWNS



(*Inner Circle*)
Bobbie—MR. RAY JACKSON

BOOKING OFFICE

Tick-Tock

Thomas Tompion. R. W. Symonds. *Batsford, £7 7s.*

The Grandfather Clock. Ernest L. Edwardes. *John Sherratt and Son, 25/-*

WYCHERLEY and Congreve—and even Pepys at his most quotable—have left our minds almost too full of backstairs excitements to grasp the importance of the end of the seventeenth century as a nursery for scientists and craftsmen. In particular it saw the English clock and watch, overshadowed hitherto by foreign timekeepers, emerge with spectacular rapidity from the ironmongery phase and become reasonably precise instruments, embodying most of the improvements we still use and made by a school of superb craftsmen whose workmanship and style are never likely to be matched. Of these Thomas Tompion was the most famous. The son of a Bedfordshire blacksmith, he set up for himself in 1671 in Water Lane, Fleet Street, and having constructed a gold watch for Charles the Second—to whose extravagance and interest in science we owe more than we are wont to remember—went on to make his name synonymous with the finest of timepieces, some of them daring in complexity, during the period of their chief flowering. There are gaps in the record of his life, but everything that is known about him is told with admirable objectivity and a wealth of magnificent illustration by Mr. R. W. Symonds in *Thomas Tompion*. Well documented and written in English that the layman can understand, this book is the best produced of any I have seen since the war.

Tompion was a mechanical genius, quick to adapt new principles. Nothing could have been luckier than his friendship with that brilliant crosspatch, Robert Hooke, who invented the anchor escapement for clocks and the use of the hairspring to regulate the balance of watches. Hooke threw out ideas in showers. His diary reads like the wilder parts of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's "The Polderoy Papers," and is full of such notes as: "At Joes. Discoursed with Tompion about plug for wind pump, and about the fabrick of muscels. About Cork bladders leather, etc. About fire engine the way of making it." The pendulum had recently arrived from Holland. It remained for George Graham, Tompion's chief assistant, to invent the dead-beat escapement and the mercurial compensated pendulum soon after Tompion's death, and modern horology was on its way.

In his lifetime Tompion was famous enough to be painted by Kneller and to have his work forged abroad. It is estimated that he made about six thousand watches and about five hundred and fifty clocks, of which half were probably table spring clocks and half long case weight clocks. For a silver watch he charged £11, for one in gold £23, and for a gold repeater £70. Although his finish was always impeccable, he was the first English maker to increase production by careful

sub-division of labour. The names of his engraver and his case-maker are lost, but on all their work is the imprint of his own good taste: in exquisite clear dials, delicate hands, and cases which are elegant but simple. The clocks illustrated in this lovely book make one envious of Charles the Second, who is said to have had sixty-seven such masterpieces in his bedroom alone.

At twenty-five shillings *The Grandfather Clock* is also for these days a remarkable piece of production, containing over fifty excellent photographs. Considerably expanded from an earlier edition, it traces the history of the long case clock from the lantern clock to its perfection in the eighteenth century. Mr. Ernest L. Edwardes makes this fascinating. He steers judiciously among the embittered controversies from which even horologists are not exempt, and though he reveres Tompion is not prepared to grant him absolute supremacy over the whole school of great makers. Their names are wonderful: Banger, Fromanteel, Knibb, Mudge, Quare, Windmills. By 1780 the long case clock had reached its aesthetic zenith, but not before it had added to its repertoire the calendar, the phases of the moon, the movements of the sun, and even the tides.

ERIC KEOWN

Panzer Leader. General Heinz Guderian. *Michael Joseph, 35/-*

"A feeling of humanity," said Clausewitz, "is the worst of all possible errors." General Heinz Guderian, a good Clausewitzian, seldom let any outside influence interfere with his soldiering; but since his military code



"I suppose there's no hope of a thoroughly unsatisfactory Budget?"

embraced the Laws and Usages of War on Land while rejecting all political activities he was consequently a commander as humane and upright (to use his favourite word when assessing his colleagues) as any on either side in the recent struggle. He was moreover a tank general of surpassing brilliance. In *Panzer Leader* he describes the build-up of Germany's armour, then shows it in action, under his command, in the 1940 *Blitzkrieg* and in Russia. Later, as Inspector-General of Armoured Troops and as Chief of the Army General Staff, he came close to Hitler, whom he often contradicted outspokenly and violently—on military matters. General Guderian's book is magnificent, and reveals him as an honourable man, a great general and a loyal patriot whose only serious weakness was to have been born a Prussian.

B. A. Y.

Towns and Buildings. Steen Eiler Rasmussen. *Liverpool University Press*, 21/-.

A distinguished student and critic of architecture, deploring a general tendency of writers to concern themselves with individual buildings rather than with their groupings in town or city, sets himself to explain the processes of growth of various cities—Peking, Rome, Paris, Vienna, London, Copenhagen and others. Famous buildings, often in considerable detail, come into his survey, but incidentally. His main purpose is to suggest a new approach. This is no formal treatise on town-planning but a delightful causerie in which there is little to puzzle the perceptive amateur to whom it is addressed. The book might indeed without unfairness be criticized for a certain lack of coherence in the plan, but the author has so many excellent ideas,

so wide a knowledge and so fresh an enthusiasm that this would be ungracious. The typography, which as well as many of the illustrations is the author's own work, is altogether admirable and the printing, by a Copenhagen firm, impeccable.

J. P. T.

The Pillar. David Walker. *Collins*, 12/6

Mr. David Walker may have to write several books before he lives down "Geordie"; perhaps it is to this end that he seems at times to be deliberately cultivating the non-Geordie and introducing roughness for mere roughness' sake. This applies to certain passages in his new novel *The Pillar*—though these are not inappropriate to a story concerning the experiences and reactions of six British officers in a German P.O.W. camp. The six are inevitably drawn to exhibit scheduled contrasts; yet they remain essentially real and credible as a group and as individuals. Mr. Walker himself spent five years under the conditions he is now describing, and not surprisingly his picture of Oflag existence is completely convincing; indeed, in the best of the several attempted escapes he conveys to the reader a sense of participation which is quite remarkable. The few redeeming features of the situation—comradeship, good humour, interdependence—are not neglected. This is a much better and more adult book than "Geordie"—though it may not repeat the *succès fou* of that literary curiosity.

H. B.

SHORTER NOTES

Emile Zola. Angus Wilson. *Secker and Warburg*, 10/6. Sensible little volume combining a reasoned plea for Zola with a sketch of his life and a guide for readers new to his voluminous work. Excising repetitions would have provided space for fuller discussion of style. A bright flash before the coming boom.

A Portrait of Britain Between the Exhibitions, 1851-1951. Donald Lindsay and E. S. Washington. *Clarendon Press*, 10/6. Volume IV of the "Oxford Introduction to British History" is a well-balanced, brightly-written review of the past hundred years, with particularly good chapters on social and economic progress. Handsome decorations and illustrations in line by R. S. Sherriffs, and detailed date-charts for the studious.

Circus Doctor. J. Y. Henderson. *Peter Davies*, 12/6. Fascinating autobiography of Texan Chief Vet of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. Full of interesting and amusing detail about show business and the difficulties of treating patients who tend to bite bits off their physician. Most dangerous opponent in a scrap is the zebra.

A Penny for the Harp. Oliver Onions. *Michael Joseph*, 12/6. Historical adventure: Wales in the time of the Wars of the Roses. Effective, colourful, flowing style carries the reader unthinkingly past the ambiguity of the story's motive.

End as a Man. Calder Willingham. *John Lehmann*, 10/6. The characters assembled at the Fort George Military Academy (in southern U.S.A.) are the most unwholesome hoodlums encountered in fiction for many a long day. When they are not bleating in utter servility and maudlin abjection they are raving like dope-fiends. Mr. Willingham writes skilfully, and it is a pity he should have aimed so low in his first novel. Fortunately it is all too incredible to be used, even by Communists, as anti-American propaganda.

The Gentle Hangman. James M. Fox. *Home and Van Thal*, 9/6. Swift and competent Hollywood detective story. The detective and, perhaps, the author know what is happening. The reader enjoys himself too much to care.



"Didn't you know? It's Leap Year."

TWO BIRDS

ENCOUNTERING Great-great-aunt Blodwen at the ceremonious reading of the uncles' will was like coming upon a dodo's egg in the local museum. It was stimulating but not entirely credible; and one of my Great-aunt Susan's first tasks, on recovering her balance after hearing the uncles' will, was to set on foot a modest inquiry into this ancient person's origins and credentials. The necessary research, which included a number of chilly railway journeys into the more unreliable parts of North Wales, was entrusted to Auntie George; but the publication of her findings was considerably delayed, owing to our becoming involved in what might be called the post-avuncular Bertha Grue phase.

This consisted, at first, in wooing Miss Grue with gifts, defending her from the unscrupulous machinations of Great-aunt Maud Bang, and beating off marauding attacks by parties of disreputable Grue relations; and each alternate Saturday would see us shuffling into the gloomy hall of "Klondike" carrying presents wrapped up in brown paper, which the housekeeper would seize with trembling hands, unwrap, scrutinize, value, and compare with whatever Maud had brought the week before. "It's kind of you to think of old Bertha!" she would cackle. "She'll see you get what you deserve!"

Then we would settle down and discuss the topic of the day: Cousin Herbert's education and where were the fees coming from, or the vulgar ostentation of Sylvester Bang's new car and how Great-aunt Maud had more money than she knew what to do with. Once Great-aunt Susan made a direct appeal on behalf of Uncle Penge, whose poultry farm was always failing for lack of capital, but Miss Grue only clutched her great black handbag more tightly and said "Look after the pounds and the Penges will take care of themselves!" It was the only witticism I ever heard her utter, and it delighted her so much that she

rolled about in her chair, and her feet in their large black patent-leather shoes danced upon the floor like a puppet's.

My Great-aunt Susan was not a woman to be lightly turned from what she called "the path of sacred duty," but after some months of this sort of thing she began to see that we were getting nowhere. Worse than that, it was rumoured that Great-aunt Maud Bang's baleful influence was increasing and that an outlandish and undesirable person named Martha Bang was being blackmailed into taking up residence with Miss Grue and acting as the housekeeper's housekeeper.

It came to a point where, announcing that she would have to think, Great-aunt Susan took herself off to the bottom of the garden and stood, in a sort of coma, contemplating the three superannuated Rhode Island Reds which had long been scheduled for the pot. When

we gathered about the dinner-table some hours later the results of her deliberations were made known: "I think we should have a fowl on Sunday," she said firmly, "and I have decided to ask Miss Grue to come and live with us."

In the ensuing silence the grandfather clock could be heard wheezily collecting itself to strike the half-hour. Auntie George had turned a pale green colour and we all regarded our plates. Before the meal was over it had been decided that Miss Grue should have Auntie George's room, that Auntie George should move into the cosy little back room with the cistern, and that anyone who wasn't prepared to make a few little sacrifices for the sake of the family had no right to call herself a Moodie.

The next thing was to convince Miss Grue of the disadvantages of living alone and of the unspeakable delights of living with Great-aunt



Susan. Wisely it was decided to concentrate upon the first of these; but the campaign could not be hurried, since the awakening of any suspicion in the mind of Miss Grue would almost certainly result in her falling backwards into the waiting tentacles of Great-aunt Maud. Great-aunt Susan therefore proceeded slowly, and with an unsuspected lightness of touch: hints were sprinkled vaguely, seeds were sowed and tended. It was a slow business, and the delay was trying but unavoidable; and it was during this tedious season that the subject of Great-great-aunt Blodwen happened to come up again.

Auntie George had entered the results of her inquiries in a small green notebook, which she now produced. The salient facts were that Blodwen's descent could be traced back to a certain Gruffydd ap Modie, a Wrexham pickpocket, and that she had been left a considerable sum of money by a half-brother named Walford Moodie who had been in business as a horse-coper. Great-aunt Susan professed herself disgusted with these details, but on learning the precise sum bequeathed

by the horse-coper graciously admitted that the relationship did seem to have been established beyond all reasonable doubt.

Once again, however, Miss Grue's affairs intervened and prevented the sending of envoys to Blodwen's cottage near Mold. A note had arrived from the housekeeper, the perusal of which had caused Great-aunt Susan to collapse on to the settee. "She's going to get married!" she moaned, allowing the sheet of purple paper to fall from her nerveless fingers. The note was brief, vague, and unpunctuated:

"After you and Maud going on about the expense of living alone and all," it read, "I don't suppose as you'll be surprised I've found someone to share my lot and perhaps you'll come to-morrow and meet my friend."

As we came down the road to "Klondike" next morning, Great-aunt Maud was observed approaching from the other direction at the head of a column of Hope Street Moodies. We met and congregated on the steps, like a crowd of Cabinet Ministers on their way to a

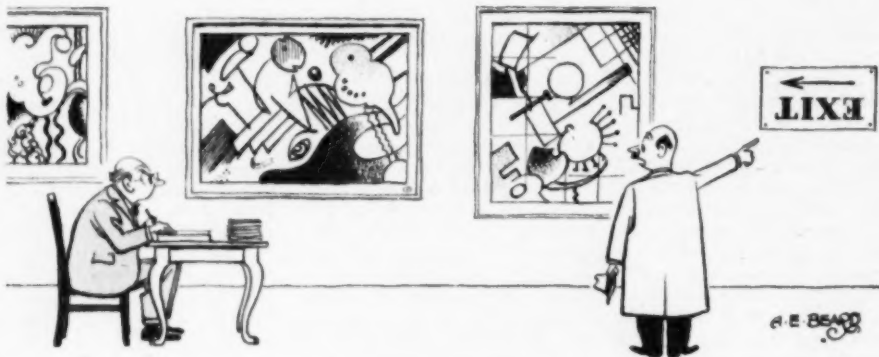
crisis. Someone rang the bell, and we listened for the sound of the housekeeper coming up from the back regions. At length the door opened and Miss Grue stood before us.

"Well, well!" she croaked, "so you've come to see Bertha's friend! Well, well!" She stood aside to let us enter.

When we were all packed into the dim and narrow hall the housekeeper hobbled towards the electric-light switch and pressed it down. Someone gave a slight scream and we all turned towards the umbrella-stand. There, peering out like some bardic ruin from beneath a pair of antlers, stood Great-great-aunt Blodwen.

"You'll all be glad to know," she said, in a high-pitched, sing-song voice, "I've come to live with Bertha!"

When we got home, Great-aunt Susan went to bed and Auntie George set about transferring her belongings back to her own room. A kind of peace settled down upon the house. Two birds seemed to have been killed with one stone.



"This one's upside down."

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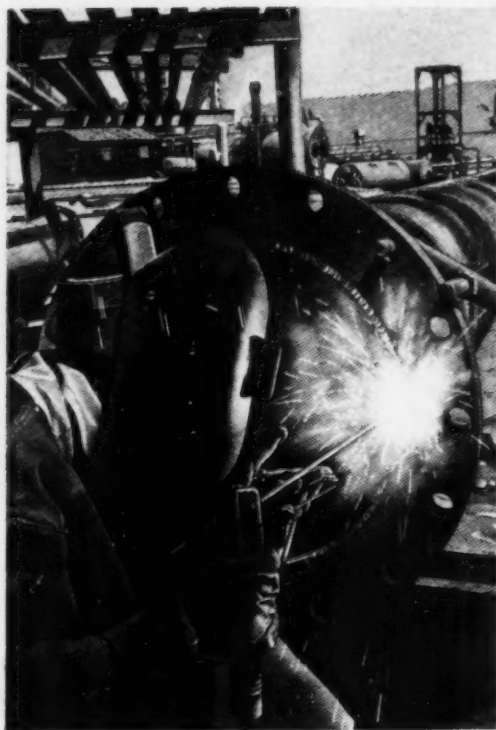
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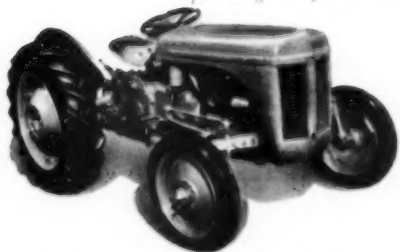
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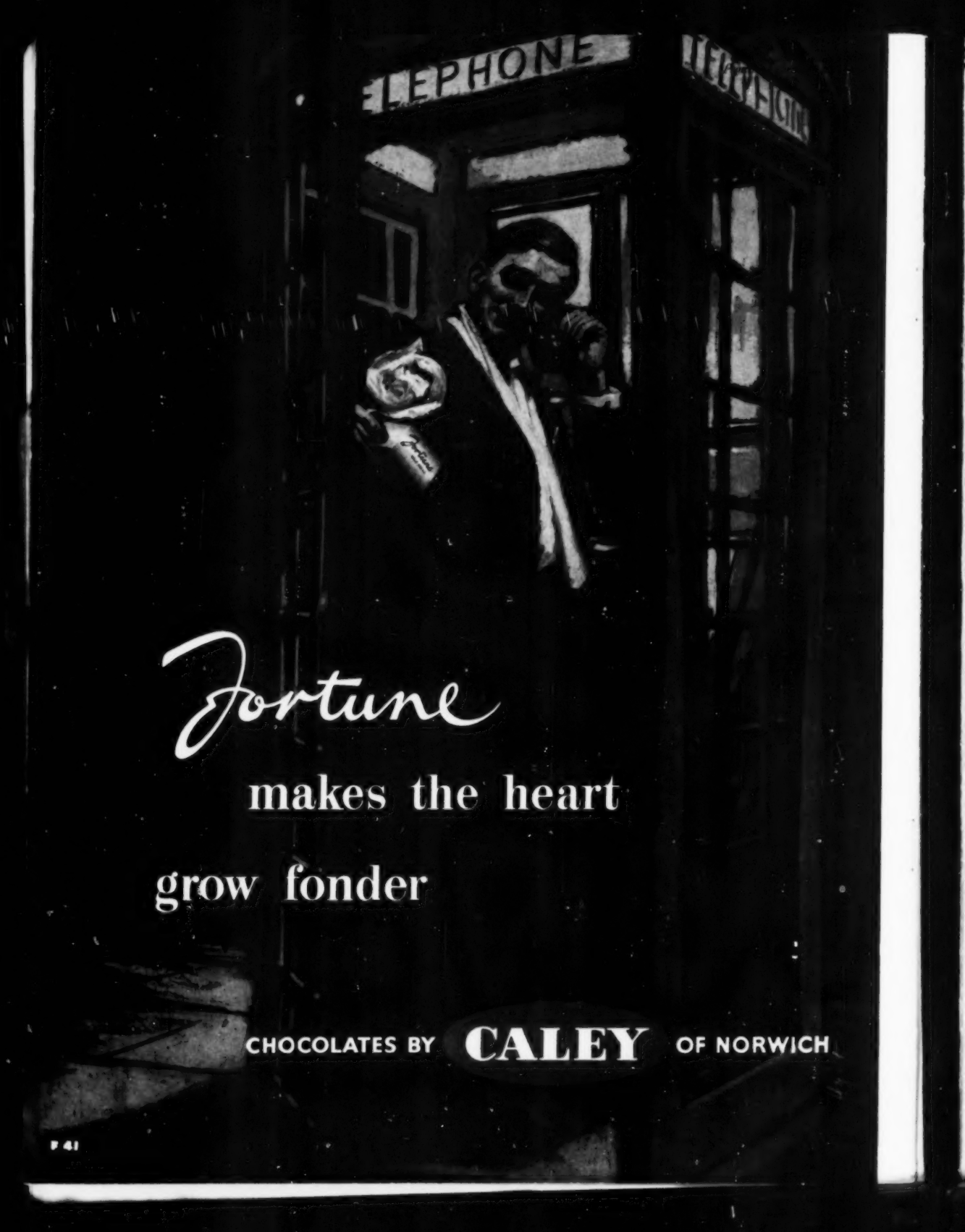
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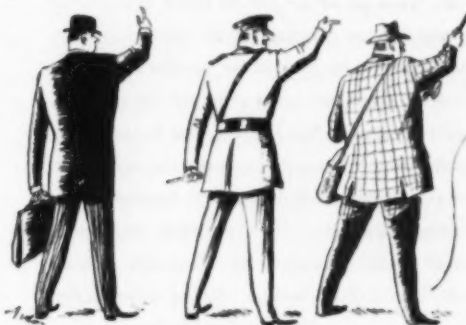
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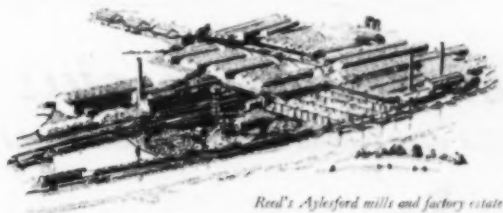
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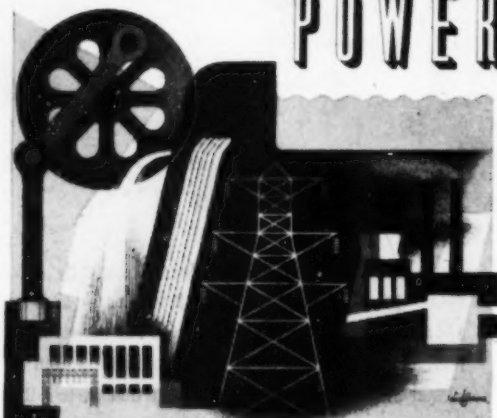
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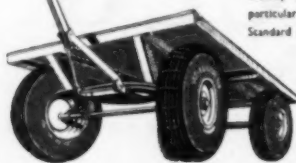
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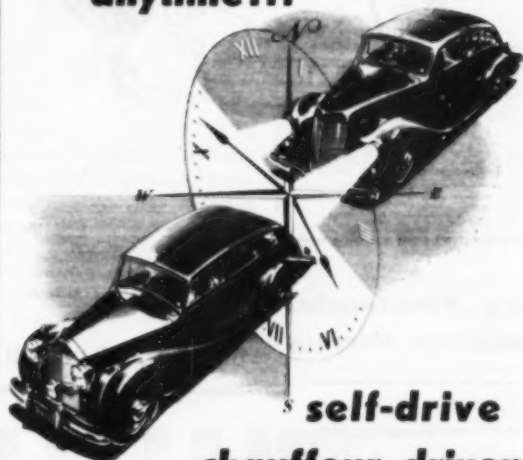


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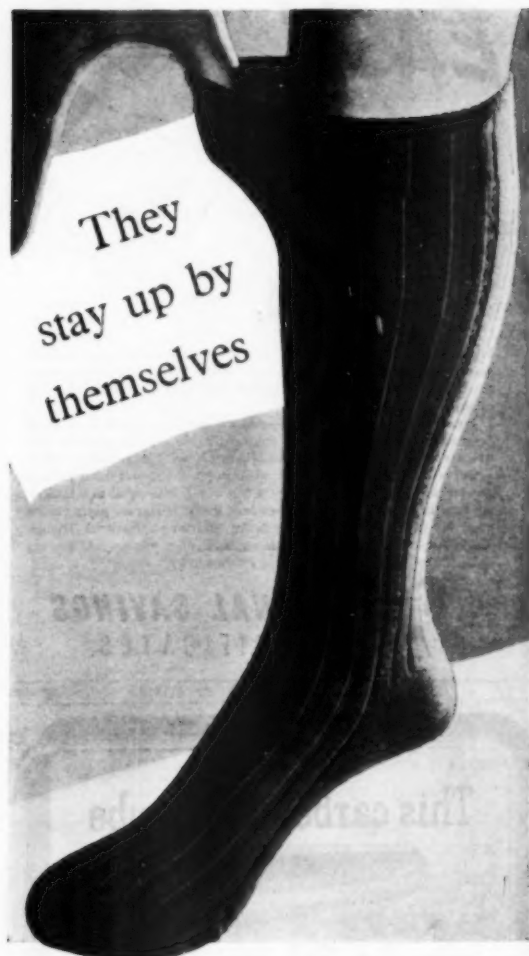
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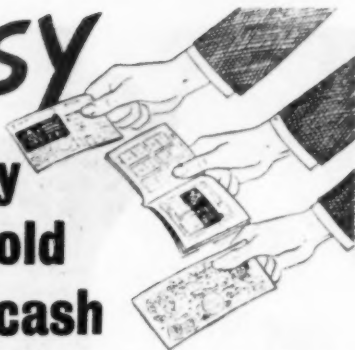
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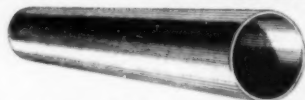
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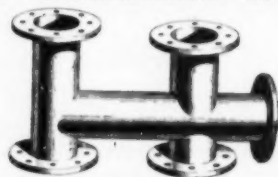
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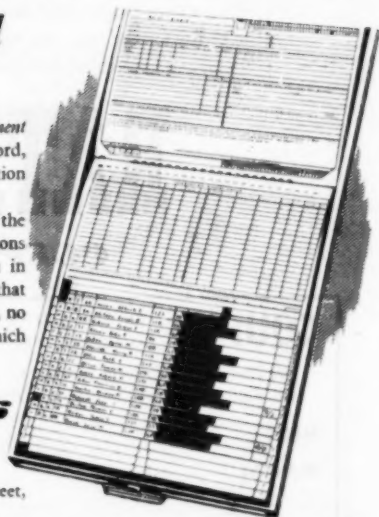
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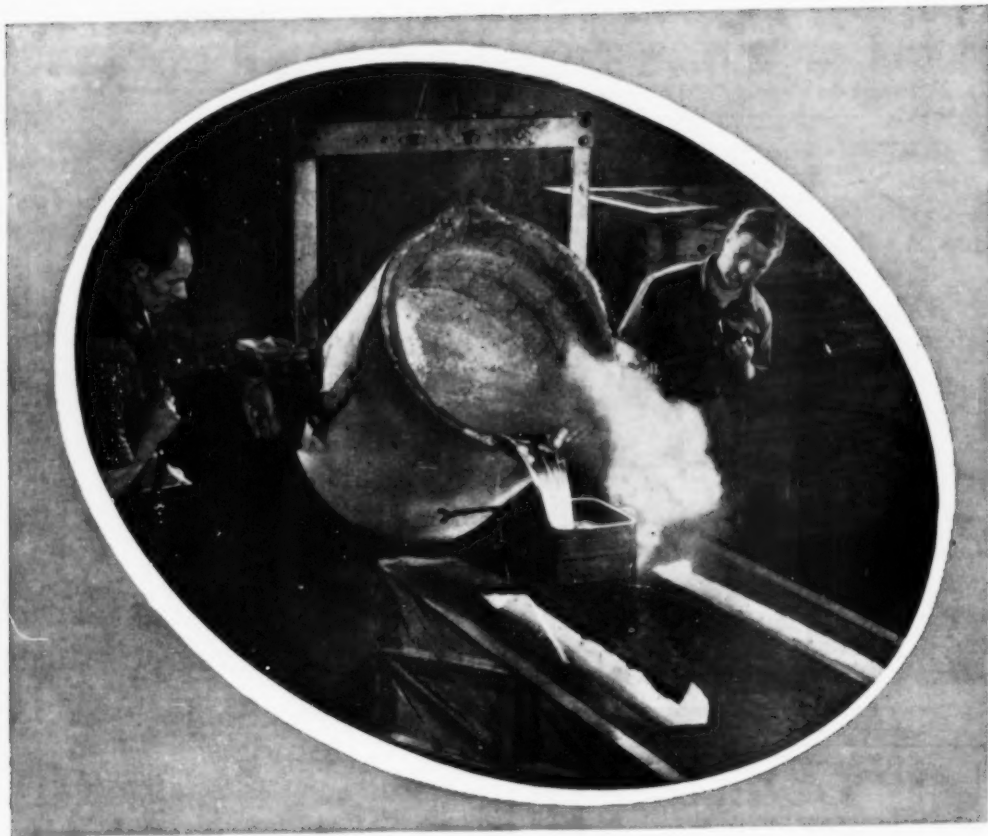
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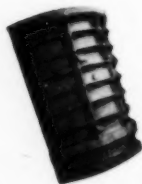
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